THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Proprietor. Terms: $2.00 a Year, in Advance.

VOL. VII. CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA., THURSDAY, MAY 28, 1874. NO. 21.

Lines.

A maiden is soon to be married;
Her beauty would dazzle your sight,
Oh, the brightest star in the heaven
Is neither so soft nor so bright
As the eye of this glorious maiden,
This queen—this angel of light!

Her soul flows on like a river—
A placid but deep-toned stream—
Where sunbeams linger and quiver,
And shadows most beautiful dream.
Oh! her soul is deep as the river,
And mild as the shadows that dream.

May the choicest blessings of Heaven
Oh! liveliest maiden entwine
Their strong, loving tendrils around thee,
Forever around thee and thine;
And like that on the eve of thy bridal,
May the star of thy future life shine.

Where is Thy Treasure?

The merchant sends his heart to sea,
And there, together with his ship, 'tis tost;
If this by chance miscarry, that is lost—
His confidence is cast away;
He hangs the head,
As he were dead.

The plowman furrows up his land,
And sows his heart together with his seed,
Which both, alike earth-born, on earth do feed,
And prosper or are at a stand;
He and his field
Like fruit do yield.

The broker and the scrivener have
The usurer's heart in keeping, with his bands;
His soul's dear sustenance lies in their hands,
And if they break, their shop's his grave;
He and his field
His only bliss.

The money-hoarder in his bags
Binds up his heart, and locks it in his chest;
The same key serves to that and to his breast,
Which of no other heaven brags,
Nor can conceit
A joy so great.

Poor wretched muck-worms, wipe your eyes—
Uncase those trifles that beset you so;
Your rich-appearing wealth is real woe,
Your death in your desires lies;
Your hearts are where
You love and fear.

Oh! think not, then, the world deserves
Either to be beloved or fear'd by you;
Give Heaven those affections as its due,
Which always what it hath preserves
In perfect bliss
That endless is.

OUR BABY.

I write as a son, as a husband, and as a man of family. My subject is one of the utmost importance to the married and child-raising community. I believe in writing to the papers upon subjects of family interest. It is a good thing.

We are married. By we I mean Phigenia and I. I call her "Pheegie" for short and as a pet name. But mother doesn't believe in pet names, and calls her plain Iphigenia.

Mother lives with us. I think it is quite an advantage. But somehow Pheegie don't seem to think so. I am the youngest of seven sons. When father died and I was married, my brothers said as they were older than I, and had had more of dear mother's care, it would be only fair to me to have mother spend the rest of her life in my family. I thought that it was real affectionate and self-sacrificing on their part. But somehow Pheegie don't seem to think so.

Dear mother is very sensitive about being in the way. If she says it once a day, she does a dozen times, that if we feel she is trespassing in the little room she occupies we have only to say so, and she will find a humble cot in some retired spot, and there pass her widowed days praying for the welfare of her children. I think this is very touching and sweet on her part. But somehow Pheegie don't seem to think so. She says: "Suppose we take her up some day—how much cot do you suppose she would retire to?"

I don't like the sentiment. How could I endorse it and have the assurance to look for the length of days promised in the fifth commandment?"

But this is not my subject. What I want to ask you about is our baby. We have got a baby. I mean Pheegie and I. Mother didn't have anything to do about it. And yet, if it had not been for dear mother I don't know how we could have got along. Just as soon as the little thing was a month old mother took it to sleep with her. She declared that never would a wink of sleep come to her eyelids if she left that child for young and inexperienced parents to roll on and smother.

But when she took our little darling in this tender way to her grandmaternal bosom, dear mother said, in just so many words, that if her affection for the infant was misconstrued, or if we grudged her the playful caresses which the child might inadvertently bestow upon her, we had only to say as much, and she would find a humble cot in some retired spot and then pass her widowed days praying for her beloved children and grandchildren.

Pheegie said, "Oh, bother the humble cot!" But I don't think, my dear wife understands mother. I thought there was something very touching in this display of a grandmamma's devotion. But somehow Pheegie don't seem to think so.

As I said, however, we have got a baby.

He is a boy. He is also a very bright child, indeed. For that matter the worthy nurse told Pheegie that she did not know as she had ever nursed a brighter young one. Our own baby is six months old now, and is very healthy. Dear mother says that she don't exactly like the way in which it shakes its head every now and then. I think it is queer, too, for its head certainly does shake at times without the slightest occasion for it. I sometimes feel quite serious about it. But Pheegie don't seem to feel so, and when I said I thought I ought to speak to the doctor about it she said that I might also tell him that the child's toes wriggled peculiarly. I didn't like her saying that, and I noticed that dear mother didn't laugh. I agree with her that God gives us the precious wards to take care of. Pheegie says that she supposes that God also makes the precious ward's head shake. There is something in that. But I wonder if Pheegie really loves the child? Mother often says she hopes she does.

We keep a nurse. She is a young Irish girl. I confess I don't like her much, and I doubt whether she feels very deeply for the child. Often and often the little thing cries at night, but never yet has that girl come down to see what the matter was. If she would only do so once in a while, at least, it would be showing a little interest in her charge.

Mother don't like the girl. She thinks she is a Jesuit, and believes that she would murder the baby quick if she was told to do it. I am inclined to think so, and kind of wish we had a Protestant. But somehow Pheegie don't seem to think so.

But what I want to ask you is this: What is the reason that doctors never think that babies are sick? They never do unless the poor little things are far gone with scarlet fever, cerebro-spinal meningitis, or something dreadfully fatal. Let the child be teething, or have colic, or wind on its little stomach, or anything of that kind, and doctors never seem to be interested in the patient's case. They say that the little things will "outgrow it," or something of that sort. Now, that is absurd.

I put it to you, Mr. Reader, as a man of feeling. Suppose you had a pain in your person and were really suffering a great deal, and a doctor should come in and grin at you, chuck you under the chin, pinch your legs, and say that you would "come out all right," or "outgrow it," or something of that kind! Would you like it? Of course you would not. It would not be natural.

Now, I don't know why it should, but our baby suffered a great deal from abdominal trouble. Mother thinks he inherits it; she says that all her children were that way. I think this a very satisfactory explanation. Why shouldn't a child inherit things of that kind, just the same as hair, teeth, and things of that sort? It looks reasonable to mother and me. But somehow Pheegie don't seem to think so.

But, upon my word, I have written so much that I have but little space left to tell you about a little matter in our own baby's tender experience, which illustrates how little doctors care for other people's children. Mother says she thinks they get hardened. But one would think they wouldn't. I have been after the doctor a good deal for our own baby, but he never seems to come with alacrity. Mother generally tells me when to go. She thinks that one cannot show too much good care for a child—it is such a grave responsibility. I think so, too. But somehow Pheegie don't always seem to think so. I wonder if she really does love our own baby? I spoke to mother about it the other night, and she said she hoped so, as it was an awful thing to throw one's own child into the teeth of Providence; and I thought so too.

But now I certainly must tell you what happened the other night. Our own baby was sick, and mother wanted me to go for the doctor. Pheegie didn't think there was any use in going for him, but mother thought there was. However, mother very frankly owned up that the child was Iphigenia's. She said that her solicitude sprang entirely and only from love for the little one, but if that affection was irksome to us we had only to find her a humble cot in some retired spot, where she would pass her widowed days praying for her children and their child, and thanking God that its death did not lie at her door. Pheegie rolled over in bed and said, "Oh! good gracious!" But I went for the doctor.

It was not a good night to go. It was one of those freezy kind of nights when the rain becomes ice on the pavement. It was real hard work to go for the doctor. It was impossible to run. I tried to walk fast, but I slid and slipped and slipped and slid. And then I would manage to catch hold of a fence, and my legs would slide from under me and I would find my face in precisely the contrary direction from that in which I wanted to go. I tried the middle of the street, but it was very little better, and when I tried to get back to the pavement I thought I might as well give up going. But, then! there was our own baby perhaps at the point of death, and I hastened, slipped up, and hastened again.

It must have taken me a good half-hour to reach the doctor's house, and it is only half a mile away from mine. However, I got there at last and rang the bell. I rang several times. Finally somebody opened a window, and a masculine voice wanted to know who the mischief I was, and a feminine voice wanted to know if I was "Horace." I was amazed and bewildered. The tone of the masculine voice was not familiar to my ear, and I could hardly account for the feminine voice, as the doctor is a widower. But I nevertheless asked if the doctor was at home. At that the masculine voice suggested that I had better ring the doctor's door-bell and find out. It certainly was very stupid of me to make the mistake, but I was somewhat confused after my difficult walk, and then I was nervous as I thought of baby at home.

However, I apologized and explained, but while I was doing it the parties at the window slammed it down. I did not feel called upon to make any further explanation, but sprang up the doctor's steps and pulled his bell.

They seemed to be sleeping pretty soundly in that block, for I had to ring four times before I roused the doctor. He opened a second story-window at ast, and, after suggesting that if I was trying to jerk off his bell-pull I had better say so, he asked who I was. The doctor is getting old and peculiar; and then I don't suppose it is pleasant to be called upon to answer a bell at two o'clock in the morning. But, then ain't he paid for it? However, I overlooked the reference to the bell-pull, and said that I was "me."

"'Me!' who the mischief's me?" said the doctor.

I supposed that he knew my voice; but he alleged that he did not, and so I said that "me" was Smith.

"Smith! what Smith?" says the doctor.

Now that was absurd! I know that the name of Smith is reasonably common; but the doctor needn't try to make out that he has nobody but Smiths on his list of patients.

However, I answered that I was "T. Adolphus Smith." And how like a fool I felt! Only think of having to holler out "T. Adolphus Smith!" at two o'clock in the morning. I felt certain that somebody was listening at every window in the block.

But the doctor, satisfied whom I was, then said:

"Well, what do you want?"

From the way he said it one might think that he had been patiently waiting up there, and giving me a chance to tell.

But I didn't answer curtly. On the contrary, I said: "The baby is sick." "What baby?" says he. Now, how absurd! As if I would go poking down there at that hour, and through rain and ice, for any baby but our own baby. But I nevertheless replied, with perhaps a touch of vexation in my tone, that the baby under consideration was my own baby.

"What is the matter with it?" says he.

Now I began to wish that he would come down to the door. I didn't want to be hollering out what was the matter with our own baby, so that the whole neighborhood could be informed as to its ailments. And just then a policeman came along, stood in front of the house, and looked at me as though he felt sure I contemplated burglary. People are so apt, you know, to stand at the front door and ring the bell, when their designs are burglarious.

As a matter of precautionary explanation, but perhaps injudiciously, an said to the aforesaid policeman that I was "all right." And then he said: "What!" and then the doctor said: "What!" And the policeman, who evidently didn't see the doctor, said: "How's that?" And then the doctor, who evidently didn't see the policeman, said: "What the thunder are you talking about?" And then I said to the policeman that "I said I was all right." And then he wanted to know "who said I wasn't?"

It was getting dreadfully mixed up. But just then the doctor, who evidently saw the policeman, hallooed: "Go about your business!" The policeman evidently saw the doctor, and "moved on," after first striking the lamp-post a most unnecessary blow with his club.

But I thought that the doctor had addressed his last remark to me, and being pretty well worked up by this time, I said: "Not at all, sir! I have told you that our own baby is sick and needs your professional attention!"

"Well," says he, "haven't I been trying to make you tell what is the matter with it?"

I saw I had made a mistake, and so I said:

"Oh," says I, "I thought you were speaking to me."

"Well, for Heaven's sake, ain't I speaking to you!" said, or rather roared the doctor.

"The baby is sick," says I. "Its little stomach kind of sticks out, and mother says she thinks she feels a lump inside."

"His what does what, and who feels which?" roared the doctor.

How stupid! "Its stomach sticks out," says I; "and when I press it hard the little thing wakes up and cries."

"What the deuce do you press it for, then?" says the doctor.

By this time I had lost all patience, and so, with considerable vehemence I said: "Doctor, our own baby is very ill! Will you be kind enough to come to the door?"

At that he slammed down the window.

I remained some minutes at the door, and then heard the doctor's heavy tread in the hall. By this time I had recovered my temper, and was prepared to meet my own medical friend very pleasantly.

As soon, therefore, as he opened the door I said:

"Ah, how are you, docter?"

If he made any answer at all I did not catch it.

"As I was saying," says I, "about our own baby, its little stomach sticks out, and mother thinks ——"

While I had been saying this, the doctor, acting as though he was the only individual on the stoop, and apparently without seeing me, and even less hearing me, had slammed the front door and turned to go down the steps.

But unfortunately he had shut his coat-flap into the door, whereupon he turned around, glared fiercely at me, said, "There, then, you see!" and proceeded to find his night-key.

I really could not see the force of his remark. I was not responsible certainly for the trifling inconvenience to which he had been subjected.

The coat-tail extricated, the doctor ran down the steps. In my confusion I had forgotten to tell him of the ice-covered pavement, and the next thing I saw was the doctor, with legs wide spread apart, sliding towards the gutter. He saved himself from falling by jumping into a snow-bank.

Again he turned upon me, and again rid himself of the ridiculous ejaculation, "There, then, you see!"

How perfectly absurd! There was no sense in it. Suppose I did see. What then? How could I help it?

With my usual forgiving disposition, however, I ventured to offer the doctor my arm. But all he said was something about "a darned sight!" I did not apprehend the whole of the sentence.

We then walked along; each by himself, as best he could. At last I thought that, inasmuch as I had gotten the doctor out at that unseemly hour, it was only fair that I should make his difficult walk as pleasant as possible, and so I essayed to converse with him.

Thinking that he might be willing to discuss topics of national interest, I said:

"What do you think of the Carpenter bill?"

"Whose carpenter bill?" said he.

"Why his, to be sure," said I.

"Very well! who is *his*? I didn't catch the name! I suppose I am not to blame for that, young man?" replied my certainly not over good-natured friend.

"If," continued he, "you or anybody else owed a carpenter's bill, I should advise you to pay it. As for its correctness, how the mischief can I form an opinion?"

I deemed it wise to drop issues of national interest, and ventured to try a new topic.

"What will this woman's movement amount to?" said I.

"Who is the woman? What is the matter with her?" said the doctor.

Now, how very stupid! Could not any intelligent person know that I was alluding to the great temperance crusade?

At this point the doctor fell again, sprawling over the pavement. I picked him up, and we tried the middle of the street as somewhat safer.

After giving the doctor time to recover his temper, I ventured once more upon conversation. I certainly wanted to break a silence which was very tedious and unpleasant.

"That Bismarck is engaged in a great work," said I. "When man once puts Church against State his finite intelligence can never predict what the end will be."

"Who told you to come after me tonight?" said the doctor, by way of reply. I could hardly see what our own baby had to do with the ecclesiastical commotion in Europe. I think that I judged correctly in thinking that the doctor did not care to converse further on the subject.

"Dear mother sent me," said I, "and I am afraid she regards the case as a critical one."

"Humph!" said the doctor. "How long is that mother of yours going to live in your family?"

This nettled me somewhat. I did not like "that" saying; "that mother" evidently implied something more than was disclosed.

However, I said, "Of course, sir, my dear mother is welcome to a place by my fireside as long as she sees best to occupy it. She will leave the moment she thinks we wish her to do so. She has often said that whenever we become tired of her we have only to find her a humble cot in some retired spot——"

"Had that baby been sick during the day?" said the doctor, without giving me a chance to finish my sentence.

That baby! Still another offensive "that!" But I was patient, and replied:

"No, sir! Our own baby woke up with the peculiar sticking out of the stomach to which I have referred."

Fortunately at this point we reached my door-step. "Here we are," said I, with a cheerfulness that was somewhat forced. Those "thats" still burned in my memory; and then in a few moments competent medical opinion was to decide whether our own baby was as seriously sick as I feared.

As luck would have it, I had forgotten my night-key. I had, of course, to ring the bell. I did so, and then again, and then thrice, and even four times. I did not pull hard for fear of exciting or startling our own sick baby.

Suddenly the doctor caught hold of the bell-pull, and jerked it as though he was afraid somebody was going to run away with the other end of the wire.

Soon a window was opened, and I heard dear mother's voice:

"Who is that?" says she.

"It is me," says I.

"Who is that?" says she.

"It is me, dear mother," says I.

"Is that you, T. Adolphus?" says she.

"Yes, dear mother," says I.

"Where is your night-key?" says she.

"In my breeches pocket, dear mother," says I.

"Would you like to be let in?" says she.

"Well," says he, "haven't I been trying to make you tell what is the matter with it?"

"Why, of course! dear mother," says I.

"There are two of you," says she.

"Yes, of course," says I.

"Who is the other?" says she.

"Why, the doctor, dear mother," says I.

"Oh! I had forgotten," says she. "Thank God, there is no present need for his services."

You cannot think how my heart thrilled with joy as dear mother made this announcement.

"Doctor!" said I, grasping his hand, "our own dear baby is better?"

All he did was to pull away his hand and make some reference to the infernal regions and future punishment. I really think he was disappointed in not finding our own dear baby in its last sleep.

Just then the door opened, and there stood Pheegie in her beautiful blue wrapper. She always looks sweetly in that wrapper.

I kissed her forehead and whispered, "Our child!"

"Don't be a fool!" said she; "it is too bad to have kept you on the step so long. And, doctor, I am sorry, really sorry, that you should have been brought up here this dreadful night."

"But our child," said I.

"It's sleeping sweetly," said she.

"And it's little stomach," said I.

"Nonsense!" said she; "there has been nothing the matter with its stomach."

"Ah, indeed! Iphegenia!" said dear mother, from the top of the stairs, "perhaps my intense love for my own child's own offspring may have exaggerated the actualities of its abdominal ailments. Perhaps I am a burden here! if so, Titus Adolphus, you have only to find me a humble cot in some retired spot, and there I will pass my days—"

"Oh! good Heavens!" said Pheegie.

Before dear mother had finished her sentence the doctor had gone out and slammed the door with a tremendous noise. Immediately I heard him falling down the ice-covered steps. I sprang to the door, and asked if he was hurt? He picked himself up and walked off without reply.

The next day he sent in bis bill.

This was curious, as I thought; for I had paid him in full only eight months before.

Pheegie says that he, of course, intends me to see that he does not want my patronage.

Dear mother very truly says that "the issues of life and death are not for man's will to determine."

I think that a very appropriate remark. But somehow Pheegie don't seem to think so.

But here I come back to my original proposition:

Why is it that doctors are so loath to believe that babies are sick?

Why is it that they show so little alacrity in flying to the infant cradle-side?

Fork Swallowing.

Every one, says a Paris letter, will recall the case of the Italian, Cipriani, who swallowed a fork, and who has been going from faculty to faculty exhibiting himself ever since, and probably many like himself are anxious to know the end of the adventure. The last we heard of Cipriani was, that he was dying slowly, and was now a living skeleton. When this news arrived a young man, who is employed as a clerk in one of our large commercial establishments, expressed the opinion that Cipriani was nothing but a bungler. The œsophagus was large enough, he said, to receive substances of considerable size, and the only thing needed was the will to control the muscles. A nervous man had a sort of spasmodic movement which renders such experiments dangerous; but to a calm, phlegmatic person the thing was uncommonly easy. "For example," he continued, sitting at a table after dinner with some twenty persons, "you see that I push this fork down into my throat, beyond the constricted point." He did so, in fact, but a spasmodic action of the muscles made him loose his hold upon the tines, and the fork disappeared. He was taken to the hospital, and since that time has had a score of doctors about him all the time. Yet he was very gay, and suffered no pain for some time after. A little sickness of the stomach was attributed to the action of metal poisoning, the fork being, in composition, lightly plated, and antidotes were administered. A number of attempts were made to draw out the fork in the presence of the leading physicians of Paris, but all failed. The patient begins to suffer, and the doctors say that he will soon die unless the fork is removed. At the hour I write he is under the influence of chloroform, and his stomach is being opened. Whether the young man will survive the operation or not I must tell you another day.

Fifty Years a Pauper.

The Troy *Press* relates the following: "In midwinter, some forty-seven or forty-eight years ago, a man by the name of Loomis died in Pawlet, Vt., after a long sickness, leaving a wife and two children. Expenses of sickness and loss of the wages for daily labor made inroads upon the scanty stock of money and provisions, and the widow was compelled to ask temporary assistance from the town. The high official refused her request, took her little all and threw her and the children upon the town as paupers. In those days they were bid off by citizens to the lowest bidder, but they now have a townhouse. Mrs. Loomis, with a broken heart, and worn out by attending to her husband during his long sickness, gave up long-cherished wishes, and remarked that the town of Pawlet should not want for a pauper for fifty years. She is now ninety-seven or ninety-eight years of age, and on her last birthday made her annual visit from the town-house to Pawlet, a distance of one and a half miles, on foot, to visit her old friends and neighbors, and she laughingly remarks she will make good her word, having to live only two years more to do it. Her children became respectable and good housekeepers, and oftentimes offered her a home, but she utterly refused to accept their assistance. She had many offers of marriage, but refused them all, saying that she would not swap off the town of Pawlet for any man living. On making the remark that the town of Pawlet would not be without a pauper for fifty years, she said she belonged to a family who never died short of 100 years, and the majority lived years beyond that.

Effect of Beef Tea.

In an article in one of the popular London journals, Dr. Kimmerich ascribes the effect of beef tea not to its aromatic and combustible ingredients, but to the potash salts which it contains, and concerning which it is well known that if given in larger doses an injurious effect is exercised on the organism; nevertheless, potash salts are an element of all articles of food, forming not only the chief ingredients of the salts of every sort of flesh, including that of fish, but likewise of all other food. In medical practice, says Dr. Kimmerich, ether, camphor, and musks are eminently invigorating and refreshing remedies, and compared to these beef tea occupies, of course, a subordinate position; if, however, it be necessary to preserve an exhausted body from protracted illness, then there is no other remedy in the whole rich storehouse of medicine which can afford such assistance for regenerating the diseased organism, as repeated doses of beef tea.

Limits of Nerve Force—Laws of Health.

I think, says Dr. Brown-Sequard, I have shown that the power of nerve force is exceedingly various; that nerve force can be transformed into chemical force, into motion, into electricity, into heat, into light, and so on. But what are the limits of the action of the nerve force? I may say that the limits of the action of the nerve force, except after it has been transformed into other forces, are our own body. Those persons who think that by an imagination, or by an act of will, or by the action of a mesmerizer, we can send in any part of our body an influence that can modify it, those persons make a great mistake if they think that this can take place by forces distinct from nerve force in the subject in which the action takes place. If we divide a nerve going to a part, never mind how much we may imagine that we can move the muscles to which it goes; never mind where we go to be the object of a muscle, we shall not have the least action in the muscles to which that nerve went. That nerve is absolutely ontside of our control. Nerve force cannot be propagated to parts that are not in connection with the nervous centres. This fact is a death blow to the view that there are other forces acting in us than mere nerve force. To continue the illustration of this fact: if the spinal cord, which establishes communication between the brain and the various parts of the body, is divided, the parts of the body that are below that section are separated absolutely from any act of will, any act of imagination, any act coming from emotion, in fact, from anything that comes from the brain. There is, I repeat, no force in our system other than mere nerve force for the transmissions that may come from the brain, as the seat of the imagination, the seat of emotion and the seat of the will.

Nerve force is produced as you know through blood. It is a chemical force which is transformed there into nerve force. This nerve force accumulates in the various organs of the nervous system in which it is formed during rest. But if rest is prolonged, then it ceases to be produced. Alteration takes place in the part which is not put to work. On the other hand, action which is so essential to the production of nervous force, if prolonged will exhaust force also, but produce a state distinct from that of rest. Rest will produce a lack of blood, while over-action may produce congestion. The great thing, therefore, is to have sufficient but not excessive action.

There is another law which is that we should not exercise alone one, two, or three parts of the nervous system; since thus we draw blood to those parts only, and the other parts of the body suffer. In the due exercise of all our organs lies the principal rules of hygiene. This view, you know, comes from a physician. It is not in agreement with what the poet Churchill wrote:

"The surest road to health say what you will,
Is never to suppose we shall be ill.
Most of those evils we poor mortals know
From doctors and imagination flow."

Unfortunately Churchill died a victim to this view that doctors were murderers. He died of a fever at the age of 34, and that because he had been too careless about calling in a doctor to help him. But it is certainly true that the great rule of health is not to lay imagination aside, and this is why I have quoted these verses. Imagination, on the contrary, is to be appealed to far more than we do, and this is one of the great conclusions that I hope young physicians will keep in mind.

To conclude with these great rules of hygiene, I should say that we should not spend more than our means allow us. Many commit this fault. As before said, we should make an equal use of all our organs, and of the various parts of the nervous system. Those who employ the brain suffer a great deal from inattention to this law.

Lastly, there should be regularity as regards the time of meals, the time and amount of action, the time and amount of sleep—regularity in everything. It is very difficult indeed to obtain it. But there is in our nature more power than we know, and if we conform ourselves to the law of habit things will soon go on without our meddling with them, and we come to be pefectly regular, although we perhaps had naturally a tendency not to be.

How They Drop Shot.

A reporter of the Baltimore *American* thus describes one of the many processes of making shot in one of the shot towers of that city: One of the "secrets" of the manufacture is the mixing of the lead with a certain proportion of a combination of mineral substances called "temper." The "temper" is fused with the lead, and gives the molten metal that consistency which makes it drop. If it were not for the "temper" the lead would be moulded by the seive, and would form little pencils instead of round shot. When "BB" shot, for instance, are to be made, the lead is poured into a pan perforated with holes corresponding to that size. The little pellets come pouring down in a continuous shower, and fall into a tank filled with water on the ground floor. In their descent of two hundred feet they become perfect spheres, firm and dense, and they are tolerably cool when they strike the water, although the swift concussions make the tank form and bubble as if the water was boiling furiously. The shot must fall in water, for if they would strike any firm substance, they would be flattened and knocked out of shape. To get the little pellets perfectly dry after they have been in the "well," is the most difficult and troublesome process of the whole manufacture. An elevator with small buckets (very much like those used in flour mills) carries the shot up as fast as they reach the bottom of the "well," and deposits them in a box 60 feet above the first floor. The water drips from the buckets as they go up, and not much is poured into the receiver above, although it is intended to be a sort of dripping machine. From this receiver the shot runs down a spout into a drying pan, which greatly resembles a gigantic shoe, made of sheet iron. The pan rests at an angle which permits the wet shot to roll slowly down to the chamber below, and the pellets become perfectly dry as they pass over the warm sheet-iron.

Haunted.

Sam Weaver, tax collector, in Lawrenceburg, Teen., stepped into the office of Roger Green, Justice of the Peace, and said: "You're the man that burnt up a widow's house over in Eagle Factory." "You're a liar," replied Green. Weaver at once drew a revolver, and, in spite of the other's protestations that he "wasn't prepared," fired, and inflicted a mortal wound. Before dying Green swore that, to punish his murderer's meanness in refusing a fair fight, he would never cease haunting him day and night. This was about two weeks ago, and ever since then Weaver has believed that the ghost of Green is constantly at his side. The hallucination is so strong that the conscious-stricken wretch is nearly demented, and has twice tried to kill himself.

San Francisco expects five thousand Chinamen within the next six months.

CALIFORNIA LIONS.

A Traveler's Account of his Encounter with Seven Wild Beasts.

A correspondent of the Arizona *Miner* gives the following curious account of an adventure in the wilds of that Territory: "On my way from Prescott I stopped for the night at Old Camp Huslpai. In the morning I started early, in order to take advantage of the little frost on the ground, which made it better traveling over the clay flats that are found near Anvil Rock. I reached the summit of the Aztec Pass quite early; the wind was blowing cold and the air was full of snow, and I put a blanket about my face and urged my horse forward as fast as I could. I had not traveled one mile from the summit of the Pass when my horse stopped; I paw and licked it, and then rubbed her ear and side of her head as a cat would. The movements were awkward but easy. If she was washing her face she should have done so before coming to the hop. The second large one sat very quiet and looked on. The third large one, which I took to be a male, kept a little in the rear, and appeared to be uneasy, as though he expected reinforcements from another direction, and I earnestly hoped that no others would appear, as there were already enough for the occasion.

The fourth, a lively fellow, put his big paws on a large pine root that protruded above the ground, and raked it down as though he was springing a little bluff. The bark flew in every direction. As a scratchist this fellow was a decided success. At the same time the three small ones lay down close to the ground and riveted their eyes on me or my horse, and commenced crawling up as though they would like a more intimate acquaintance. I had heard that if one looked a lion in the face it would turn away; but how could I look three lions in the eye at the same time? Impossible. Now I would like to have compromised this whole matter by giving a horse, but my horse was trembling with fear, which plainly told me that he would not stand to any bargain of this kind. I looked for a sapling, but they do not grow in this part of Arizona; none but large pines were in sight, and all the lions in Arizona could not frighten me up a tree four feet in diameter. To dismount I would make a dead shot, but then there would be six lions left, and I afoot. This would not do. I resolved to try another shot, so I got my horse to face the game and again I fired. As my pistol cracked the foremost crawler jumped about six feet in the air and struck on his feet, and bit his side as though he had been stung by a bee. At this the large ones moved on toward a brushy thicket and the smaller ones followed. As I turned my horse to go on I saw approaching me three horsemen. They came in time—none too soon, I assure you. They had seen the large tracks in the road and heard my shots and hurried up. I told them of what had happened, and, as they were well heeled and appeared to be men that had seen something of frontier life, I suggested that if it was game that they wanted they could find it in that thicket. But they all most emphatically denied having lost any lions. They hardly waited to hear my story, but passed on. As I started on my way my horse wanted to run and appeared very fresh; previous to this he seemed a little 'played' and tired, but he would now and then look back and then 'git.' For the last twelve days my horse can see a lion whenever he wants to. The fact is, he has got what is called lion on the brain. If he does not recover soon I will sell him or trade him off for a mule.'

Newspaper Advertising.

Newspaper advertising is now recognized, by business men having faith in their own wares, as the most effective means for securing for their goods a wide recognition of their merits.

Newspaper advertising impels inquiry, and when the article offered is of good quality, and at a fair price, the natural result is increased sales.

Newspaper advertising is a permanent additon to the reputation of the goods advertised, because it is a permanent influence always at work in their interest.

Newspaper advertising is the most energetic and vigilant of salesmen; addressing thousands each day, always in the advertiser's interest, and ceaselessly at work seeking customers from all classes.

Newspaper advertising promotes trade, for even in the dullest times advertisers secure by far the largest share of what is being done.

SUFFERERS.—At an English temperance meeting one woman introduced herself as "no far-away bird, but the daughter of old Joe Blank, the drunkenest man in Deansgate;" another speaker, also locally connected, said she "had been twenty-one years drinkcursed, having for a husband the greatest drunkard that ever walked the streets of Manchester." This woman's husband, who was at one time never without an excuse to thrash her, was now a reformed character. At the close of the speeches a number of persons took the temperance pledge.

THE ARKANSAS TROUBLES.

The Capture, Imprisonment, and Escape of the Judges—The Officer who has them in Custody Aids in their Escape.

A special dispatch to the St. Louis *Democrat* from Little Rock gives a long account of the capture, escape, and return to Little Rock of Associate Justices Bennett and Searle. After being taken from St. John's College, they were moved, under the escort of Lieut. Summerhill and a squad of men, to a retired field on the outskirts of the city, where orders were received from Gen. Blocker, and the party then marched to a point 14 miles distant, where a dispatch from Brig.-Gen. Crawford, ordering the party to proceed to Benton, was received. Two miles from that place the party was met by Gen. Crawford, with a squad of men. Gen. Crawford was drunk, and gave Lieut. Summerhill entire charge of the prisoners, in whose custody they remained until their escape.

Lieut. Summerhill states that Gen. Crawford received orders from Gen. Blocker that he should protect the lives of Bennett and Searle to the fullest extent, provided he could do so and prevent a rescue, but at all hazards he was not to permit them to be rescued. Lieut. Summerhill also states that he met a man at the depot in Benton, who told him that he saw written orders at Baxter's headquarters for the prisoners' summary disposal or assassination, and that he (Summerhill) replied that such an act would not be permitted by him while he was alive and the prisoners remained in his custody. Being convinced that violence was intended to Bennett and Searle, and determined not to be a party to it, he conferred with those gentlemen, told them the facts, disavowed any complicity in the matter, and proffered his services to them to aid in their escape and safe conduct to Little Rock.

He gave each a revolver, provided horses, and under the pretext of removing them to a more secure place dismissed the guard, induced continued intoxication by Gen. Crawford, decoyed him to another house, and with Sheriff Thompson he departed with his prisoners. Sheriff Thompson had no knowledge of Lieut. Summerhill's real purpose. Messrs. Bennett and Searle were suspicious of Lieut. Summerhill, but being armed and each having a horse, concluded to trust him, relying upon themselves, however, and future probable opportunities.

Arriving at a point where the roads diverged, Judge Bennett presented a revolver at Summerhill's head and said, "You are now our prisoner," and Searle, drawing his pistol, demanded Thompson's arms. Bennett's revolver was accidentally discharged, which frightened Thompson's horse, and he and his rider dashed away into the darkness. Bennett and Searle, with Summerhill as prisoner, then continued, and shortly after came upon a squad of United States infantry, under Lieut. Morrison, who had been sent out to effect their rescue if possible. Not recognizing the men, Bennett jumped from his horse and broke for the woods, and could not be found. After their true character was ascertained, Searle and Summerhill were taken to the United States garrison and afterward to the State House. In about an hour Bennett was brought in by another squad of soldiers who had been sent out to search for him.

Prognostications by Leeches.

That there is a sensitiveness to atmospheric changes in the leech, is generally admitted; and that the idea of utilizing this little creature as a sort of weather-glass arose long ago, we have evidence, in one of the early volumes of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. A correspondent of that venerable journal stated that if a leech be kept in a phial or bottle, partly filled with water, it will indicate approaching changes of the weather. He placed on a windowledge an eight-ounce phial containing a leech and about six ounces of water, and watched it daily. According to his description, when the weather continued serene and beautiful, the leech lay motionless at the bottom of the phial, rolled in a spiral form. When it began to rain at noon, or a little before or after, the leech was found at the top of its lodging, where it remained until the weather became settled. When wind was approaching, the leech galloped about its limpid habitation with great liveliness, seldom resting until the wind became violent. When a thunder-storm was about to appear, the animal sought a lodgment above the level of the water, displayed great uneasiness, and moved about in convulsive-like threads. In clear frost, as in fine summer weather, it lay constantly at the bottom; whereas, in snowy weather, like as in rain, it dwelt at the very mouth of the phial. The observer covered the mouth of the phial with a piece of linen cloth, and changed the water every week or two. He seems to have had faith in the correctness of his own observations and conclusions; but went on further in the attempt at explanation to say: "What reasons may be assigned for these movements, I must leave philosophers to determine; though one thing is evident to everybody—that the leech must be affected in the same way as the mercury and spirit in the weather-glass; and has doubtless a very surprising sensation, that change of weather, even days before, makes a visible alteration in its manner of living." Cowper, the poet, the celebrated Dr. Jenner, Dr. Merryweather, and many others, were believers in this leech-philosophy.

Digestion and Paradise.

Ah, talk of blessings! What a blessing is digestion! To digest! Do you know what it means? It is to have the sun always shining, and the shade always ready for you. It is to be met with smiles, and to be greeted with kisses. It is to hear sweet sounds; to sleep with sweet dreams; to be touched ever with soft, warm hands. It is to be in paradise. Adam and Eve were in paradise. Why? Their digestion was good. Ah! then they took liberties; ate bad fruit—things they could not digest. They what we call ruined their constitutions, destroyed their gastric juices, and then they were expelled from paradise by an angel with the flaming sword. The angel with the flaming sword, which turned two ways, was indigestion. There came a great indigestion upon the earth because the cooks were bad, and they called it a deluge. Ah! I thank God there are to be no more deluges; all the evil comes from this. Macbeth could not sleep. It was the supper, and not the murder. His wife talked and walked. It was the supper again. Milton had a bad digestion, because he was always so cross; and your Carlyle must have the worst digestion in the world, because he never says any good of anything. Ah! to digest is to be happy. Believe me, my friends, there is no other way not to be turned out of paradise by a fiery, two-handed, burning sword.

The Postmaster of Delta, Iowa, wrote to the Postmaster-General: "If you don't git some one to run this 'ere post offus purty soon it'll be throwd in the river, for I'm going off an bear hunt and can't fool any more."

A PERSIAN STORY.

A Man is Bastinadoed and then has his Teeth Pulled Out in the Presence of a Mob.

A terrible story comes to us from Persia. In one of the districts a laboring man had been sentenced to be bastinadoed for some offense, receiving one hundred and fifty blows on the soles of his feet. As he sank down on his knees after the sentence had been carried out, and it was believed that his injuries were of a serious character, he called the judge to his side, intimating that he had a terrrible secret to reveal. As he could only speak in a whisper, the judge placed his ear to the lips of the fainting man, when the latter seized it with his teeth and in his agony bit it completely off.

In Persia the loss of an ear, no matter under what circumstances, is considered a lasting disgrace, and the judge so felt it. He at once gave orders to have the prisoner carefully cared for, assuring the physicians that if they did not save his life their own should pay the penalty, and they succeeded.

When the prisoner had fully recovered he was sentenced to have his teeth pulled out one by one in presence of the mob, and this frightful sentence was carried out, two days being exhausted in the work. No pains were taken with the horrible job, and the jaws were broken and crushed until the whole lower part of the man's face was a mangled mass, and his sufferings were so great that many of the men fainted in witnessing the operation. Two days after, the little life in the man was beaten out of the soles of his feet, and the judge, having fully satisfied his thirst for vengeance, committed suicide. Such is the story told by a correspondent, and vouched for as true to the letter.

Hints for Housekeepers.

A place for everything, and everything in its place; a use for everything, and used only for that special purpose. Let us take, for example, the omelet pan; the English cook does not scruple to employ this white, delicate, enamelled pan to fry the bacon for breakfast, and is astonished that her omelets fail, and that her mistress complains she is getting careless; it is not that she is getting careless, but that she has never been anything else, and neither she nor her mistress comprehends or understands that true economy is practised by carefully using each article of the *batterie de cuisine* for the purpose alone for which it is designed. The cook will probably reject the chemical reason that the sulphur given forth by eggs, and to a certain extent absorbed by the enamel at the time of making the last omelet, materially assists the omelet of to-day, and this in spite of the most complete cleanliness on the part of the cook. Sauces should be prepared in a pan kept for that purpose, and the enamelled saucepan used for melted butter should never on any account be used for anything else.

Most cooks know that if eggs are boiled in a saucepan previously used

THE CENTRE REPORTER,

FRED. KURTZ.....Editor.

Centre Hall, Pa., May 28,, 1874.

TERMS.—$2 per year, in advance, 2,50 when not paid in advance.
Advertisements 20c per line for three insertions, and for 6 and 12 months by special contract.

Wm. W. Eaton, democrat, was elected U. S. Senator from Connecticut, on 20 inst. Mr. Eaton takes the place of Buckingham, radical.

Candidates for the different offices are becoming numerous, and wearing pleasant faces and with it very hand shaky.

The next general election, which will be held in November instead of October, will be an important one for the people, particularly of this county—it will be the first under the new Constitution. On the state ticket will be a judge of Supreme Court, Auditor General, Secretary of Internal Affairs, and Lieutenant Governor. Besides, these, the people of Centre county will vote for a Congressman, Senator, Judge, two Assemblymen, and other county officers.

Democrats will see that the election will be an important one, and we trust they will also see the necessity of nominating good men, men of honesty and integrity, who are clear of rings, cliques and above intrigue. It is not every man who runs the county over seeking support for an office, who is fit for the place. Our party has not a large majority to boast of in this county, hence bad and unpopular men on ticket will only tend to weaken it more, or what is worse, defeat the entire ticket.

Let the citizen not be too hasty in his promises to candidates—the good of the party demands of each and every one, having the future of the democratic party at heart, that he be cautious and circumspect, and that he throw his preferences solely to the selection of men of good standing, and who will give strength to the ticket. Let us strive, by the nomination of good men, to bring back the democracy of old Centre to the proud position it once held in the shining galaxy of democratic counties. Put your feet upon intrigue, rings, and selfish combinations and select standard bearers from among the host of good men which the party can boast of in this county.

Washington had a big wedding last week—the daughter of the President was married to Mr. Sartoris, an Englishman of high birth, and a father with no little pile. He is 23, and Nellie is 19. After the wedding the bridal party started for Europe. Many presents were given the bride by the rich guests at the wedding; the President gave his daughter $10,000—more than he had when he became President, but you know he got his salary doubled and draws 50,000 a year. As some of the fair readers of the Reporter may be a little "wunerfitzig" about this affair, we copy, for their benefit, some of the more important particulars, hoping each one may fare as well, and even be happy, which latter we intend for Nellie too:

Punctual to the hour, the invited guests entered the East Room, and arranged themselves in full view of the platform. The toilets of all the ladies were of the richest descriptions, and there was a profusion of point lace, variously worn. The scene was unusually brilliant, and a large display of flowers, with their fragrance, added to the charm of the interesting occasion. The bridal party, passing through the Blue Room, entered the East Room. Their presence immediately hushed the company to silence. The approach was announced by music from the Marine Band.

First came Mr. Sartoris and Col. Frederick D. Grant, in full uniform, the only groomsman. Next the bridesmaids, and two by two the President and Miss Grant, Mrs. Grant, and her two sons, Ulysses and Jesse. These were followed by relatives of the family.

On reaching the platform the President transferred his daughter to Mr. Sartoris, who, with the bride ascended the platform, where the officiating minister was in waiting to receive them, and took a position under the floral wedding bell.

The bride wore a white satin dress elaborately trimmed, with a point lace tulle veil, and her hair was adorned with orange blossoms.

The dress of the groom was in the latest style, with the conventional white necktie.

The bridesmaids were Misses. Barnes, Fish, Drexel, Dent, Porter, Conkling, Sherman and Frelinghuysen. They were dressed in white corded silk, covered with white illusion, with puffs and pleatings, caught up with flowers. Their sashes were of the same material as the dresses. Four of these ladies were distinguished by pink roses, and the other four by blue flowers.

All things being in readiness, Rev. Dr. Tiffany proceeded with the ceremony according to the form of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The ceremony over, the minister was the first to kiss the bride. She immediately turned to her father, who embraced her and kissed her. Then her mother approached and kissed her daughter, as did also the brothers of the bride and numerous relations and female friends. The newmade husband enjoyed his share of handshaking, and orally expressed congratulations.

Less than two hundred persons were present, including the Justices of the Supreme Court, members of the Cabinet, Senators Frelinghuysen, Carpenter, Cameron, Conkling, Logan, Morton, Stewart and Boutwell; Vice President Wilson, Speaker Blaine, General Sherman, Admiral Porter, Commodore Ammen, Geo. W. Childs, A. J. Drexel, Judge Pierpont, Generals Arthur, Porter and Babcock, and Sir Edward and Lady Thornton, Mr. and Mrs. Smith cousins of Miss Grant from Washington, Pennsylvania; Mr. and Mrs. Waller of New York, Mr. and Mrs. Borie, Mr. Luckey Private Secretary of the President, and C. C. Sniffen Assistant Private Secretary.

Among the most costly gifts was a dessert set of eighty-four silver pieces by George W. Childs; a complete silver dinner service by A. J. Drexel, of Philadelphia, the combined value of them being probably $4,500. Secretary Fish gave a silver tankard; General and Mrs. Sharpe, of New York, a ring with a stone cameo, set with diamonds; Postmaster General Cresswell, a very handsome silver ice cream service; Ex-Senator Patel, a diamond ring of five stones; L. H. Morton, of New York, an emerald and diamond ring; these two rings are probably worth $1,000 each; Secretary Robeson, a toilet set, size pieces of brass, elaborately finished, of the style of Louis XIV; A. T. Stewart, of N. York, the largest size lace handkerchief, such as sell for five hundred dollars; General Babcock, an elegant Valenciennes lace fan with smoked pearl frame, with a monogram of the bride in gold.

Following are additional presents without the doner's name:

A silver card case and portemonaie from Denver of native ore and manufactured in that city; the workmanship is very fine; a pair of moonstone earrings, both handsome and curious; several superb point lace handkerchiefs; a flounce of valenciennes lace, two point lace fans, a venetian antique mirror with carved frame of highly burnished brass with monogram at the top. This is for a toilette table; two antique candlesticks to match with a wax candle in each; flowers are painted on the candles. There were several handsome gold necklaces and many lockets. A superb bracelet of wrought gold; an innumerable number of silver punch bowls, ladles, salt cellars and spoons; glove boxes of fine gilt and carved wood.

The full name of Nellie Grant's husband is George Charles Wyllham Frederick Algernon Sartoris. Nobody can reasonably object to the name.

THE PENNSYLVANIA STATE SUNDAY SCHOOL CONVENTION.—The tenth annual Convention of the Pennsylvania State Sabbath School Association will be held in the First Presbyterian Church on Washington Avenue, in the city of Scranton, on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, June 9th, 10th and 11th, 1874. You are earnestly invited to be present. The Rev. J. H. Vincent, D. D., of New York, will be present and take part in the proceedings. The singing will be conducted by Prof. Wm. Johnson, of Philadelphia. Whatever arrangements may be made for reduction of fares will be made hereafter. Entertainment will be provided for all delegates who will notify Wm. Hadden, Esq., Chairman of Local Committee, Scranton, Pa., on or before the 1st day of June.

The World publishes a carefully prepared table showing the losses of the Radical party since the presidential election of 1872. Grant had a popular majority of 702,271 votes. It then gives the votes in 1872 and 1873 in the states of California, Connecticut, Iowa, Kentucky, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Mississippi, New York, New Hampshire, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Texas, Virginia and Wisconsin, and the total vote shows an opposition majority of 188,965 votes, a net gain of 658,356, or within 43,915 votes of reversing in these eighteen States Grant's majority in the whole country. The World appropriately adds: "It is almost unnecessary too add that 98 per cent. of these oppostion gains are Democratic gains, and equally unnecessary to state what the elections of the past few months have demonstrated with absolute certainty, that the Democratic party must eventually and speedily attract to its ranks all the straggling opponents of Radicalism who, under one name or another, are attempting to wage a sort of guerrilla warfare against the Radical party."

Tennessee seems to be powerfully stirred upon the "mixed school" question. The feeling against any legislation securing that object has been strong enough to turn so old and zealous a friend of the negro as Senator Brownlow against it, and the few Republican journals of the State are almost as emphatic as he is in their opposition to it. The State organ of the Republicans, The Nashville Bulletin, says it is now generally the case that the colored children are granted equal educational facilities with white children, and that during the past two years the progress of the former has been wonderfully rapid. "But," it adds, "if the mixed school system be adopted by Congress, the system throughout the South, now in operation, will be overturned, and few now living will see one equally good adopted in its place. Indeed it is not a question of mixed or separate schools, but it is a question of whether we shall have separate schools or none at all; and those who are engaged in crippling or destroying our present educational facilities are guilty of one of the greatest of crimes."

The yearly meeting of the Friends is now in session in Philadelphia. We copy from a report of the proceedings two paragraphs relating to the experience of two Indian missionaries:

Deborah Wharton then related that, notwithstanding the prejudice existing against the Indians in Nebraska, an editor in that State had acknowledged that since the Quakers had taken charge of them there had been a wonderful improvement. First day schools had done much good among them. Much difficulty was experienced in teaching them at first. A woman Friend who went to do it said that they were as wild as squirrels, and if she was not very watchful would jump out of the windows and run home. No punishment was possible, as it would prevent them from returning to school.

The missionary, Mary Lightfoot, being present, related some very amusing instances of the difficulty experienced in teaching the Indians cleanliness. At first, if one of them was given a clean shirt, he would put it on right over his dirty clothes. Nearly the whole of them now dress like white people. They are about five hundred in number. Mordecai Bertram, a Friend who has kept store among the Indians for two years, bore testimony to their honesty. During that time he has sold them thirty thousand dollars' worth of goods, of which he had only lost five dollars. After the meeting a woman Friend told those near her that whereas four years ago, beads, yellow paint, and brass wire were staple articles at Indian stores, now they are not kept at all. Friends wish it understood that the women deserve a large portion of the credit for what has been done for the Indians by this association.

A CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY—*Narrow Escape from Imprisonment.*—on the 17th of April, 1873, a laborer named Thomas F. King entered into the employ of Mr. A. B. Hanna in Lock Haven as a farm hand. In October of that year he hired a horse from Mr. Hanna and with his wife visited his friends at Aaronsburg, Centre county, remaining away only two days, when he returned to his employment, and continued at it till the 28th of Feb. He then settled with Mr. Hanna, and went to Hartleton, Union county, to which place his wife had preceded him. A few days after his arrival, he learned that a warrant was out for his arrest on the charge of stealing a horse and carryall on the 11th of July from a Mr. Beaver, a hotel keeper of that place. He presented himself to Mr. Beaver, who failed at first to recognize him as the man to whom the horse and carryall had been hired, and who never returned with them. But soon after Mrs. Beaver recognized King in a crowd as the man and he was arrested and held for the theft. His trial came off on Monday at Lewisburg before Judge Bucher. Beaver and his wife swore positively that King was the man and two servants and a lady boarder also recognized him as the man who got the horse and carryall, and so swore. At this stage of the case it looked as though King would surely be convicted, but Messrs Valentine, A. B. and Miles Hanna N. B. Dorey, Henry Harvey, and Jesse Beerly had been summoned from here to prove an alibi for King, and they did this so completely, fixing it beyond a doubt that he was not the man who got the horse and carryall, and that he was here when Beaver and others swore he was there, that Judge Bucher closed the case, said an alibi had been proved, and a verdict was taken accordingly, and King was discharged. It was a "close call" for him, and the case is an interesting one of mistaken identity, where the evidence was very strong against the accused.—*Democrat.*

THE CENTENNIAL.

Philadelphia, May 20.—At a meeting of the United States Centennial Commission this morning, a financial statement was made showing the total subscriptions made to be $4,405,200; total expenses to May 1st, including plans and work on grounds $144,712, and estimate of total cost of building according to designs $8,750,000.

The report of the Executive Committee in relation to the refusal of Congress to pass an appropriation for the Centennial says: Profoundly impressed with the responsibility resting on the commission, and being conscious of having performed to the best of our ability the duty imposed on us by an act of Congress, we respectfully submit that without government aid which has been requested, it will be impossible to render the celebration creditable to the nation, and worthy of the occasion it is intended to commemorate. The responsibility therefore for the success of the Centennial International Exhibition now clearly rests with Congress.

Persons visiting the Capitol in Washington have noticed the telegraph office near the main door of the House of Representatives. It now appears that the messages sent over the wires from that point are often copied by persons hearing them ticked off, or by some other process, and the usual remedy of an investigation has been applied on motion of Mr. Pierce, of Boston. It is alleged that during the fight for collector of that city the despatches to and from Boston in regard to Mr. Simmons, who finally got the place, mostly fell into the hands of General Butler, and it is alleged that this resulted either from carelessness or dishonesty on the part of persons connected with the office. During the war both sides occasionally got possession of important telegrams simply by attaching another wire to the main cord, and, by a knowledge of the sounds, securing what was sent from one point to another. Some very remarkable feats of this kind have been accomplished. An expert need only seat himself near a battery to be able to collect everything that is going on Verily, the secrets of Congressmen are hard to hold.

Wednesday, August 19, is fixed as the time, and Harrisburg as the place, for the Republican State Convention of Pennsylvania to nominate a candidate for Supreme Judge, to serve for twenty-one years; a candidate for Lieutenant Governor, Secretary of Internal Affairs, and an Auditor General. August 26, is fixed as the time, and Pittsburg as the place, for the Democratic State Convention, which will place candidates for the same offices in nomination. Both the candidates for the Supreme Court will be elected on the principle laid down in the new constitution as explained in article 5, section 16, as follows:

Whenever two judges of the Supreme Court are to be chosen for the same term of service, each voter shall vote for one only, and when three are to be chosen he shall vote for no more than two; candidates highest in vote shall be declared elected.

This section puts in practice for judicial elections, in the particular cases mentioned, the system known as the limited vote. It insures the election of the nominee of each of the two great parties, and would do so even if a third party not having greater strength than either of the other two were to place a candidate in the field. The principle is just, since it is manifestly fairer that the minority party should have one of two judges chosen at the same time than that it should be left wholly unrepresented by giving both to the majority. The minority are entitled by their numbers to say three-fourths of a judge in such a case, and, judges not being divisible, they must be accorded either a whole one or nothing.

Truly the unfortunate white people of the South deserve all our commiseration. After having been unmercifully plundered by myriads of carpet baggers, upheld in their thieving operations by the whole influence and power of the national Government, in most of the reconstructed States the administration of the public affairs remains in the hands of the most ignorant class of the population, who continue to dispoil them and grind them to the earth under burdens of oppressive taxation. Along the great water courses millions of acres of the richest and most productive lands in America are covered with water. And now from those portions of the South that have escaped the floods which have hopelessly ruined so many thousand people in the regions of the Mississippi and its tributaries, we receive the most discouraging accounts of the prospects of the cotton crop. There were heavy rains in April, followed by frosts, and the results have been disastrous. In large tracts of country the crop has been entirely killed out, so that the planters have been compelled to begin anew and do their work all over again, provided they can obtain the requisite seed, which in many instances they are unable to do. In Florida the stand of cotton is reported to be in a terrible condition, being thrown backward fully one month where it has not been totally destroyed. The Charleston News and Courier says that the cultivation of Sea Island cotton this year, irrespective of losses by frost, would have been at least one third less than last year, and that much of that which was started has been destroyed and will have to be replanted. It is impossible to refrain from an expression of admiration for the undaunted pluck and perseverance which the whites of the South exhibit under the manifold misfortunes which have overtaken them. From all quarters we hear that, with few exceptions, the former men of wealth who have been brought to want by the events of the past fourteen years bear their hardships with fortitude, and have gone to work with sturdy energy to repair their broken fortunes. Some of the best lands in the Sea Islands are worked entirely by their owners, while all over the South the young men, as a rule, are exhibiting the highest qualities of manly self-reliance.

A COMBATIVE SNAKE.

John Gwinner, a young man, while traveling through Powell's valley, saw the supposed track of a wild turkey recently. Determined to satisfy his curiosity he followed the trail, but before he had proceeded very far a monster black snake, measuring nearly twelve feet in length and twelve inches in circumference, disputed his further progress. The young man drew his revolver and fired at the reptile. But slight injury was inflicted on the snake, and it made for him furiously, raising itself in the air about four feet and making a desperate spring. The young man retreated and repeated the fire, which took effect in the reptile's back. Two more shots were required to kill the monster.—*Harrisburg Patriot.*

PROF. SWING WITHDRAWS FROM THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Chicago, May 21.—The Times will publish to-morrow morning a dispatch from Prof. David Swing authorizing it to announce his withdrawal from the Presbyterian Church. The dispatch is dated at Oxford, Ohio, and says: "I cannot endure further theological war. Please announce my withdrawal from the Presbyterian Church." The event is very significant in the history of Chicago Presbyterianism, and the consequences, proximate and remote, are of the greatest importance to that church. It is declared by leading Presbyterian divines, such as Dr. Robert Patterson and the Rev. Arthur Swazey, to be the beginning of a conflict which divide the church anew; and finally, it is essentially the same dispute which caused the original division into the Old and New Schools, which were reunited in 1869.

The National Conference of Dunkards met at Girard, Illinois, Sunday, and is the largest gathering that ever occurred in this country. It is estimated that 10,000 persons were present. An enormous tent was erected for their accommodation capable of holding 5,000 persons, but it was found to be too small, and various religious services were then held under the trees. The meeting yesterday was preliminary to the conference to day. About 2,000 delegates are expected to be in attendance this morning. A dining hall has been erected capable of seating 900 persons at one time. The brethren invite all to partake with great cordiality, and over 4,000 sat down to dinner on Sunday.

READING FOR TOWNSHIP CLERKS.—Township clerks are required, within sixty days after the annual spring elections, to make out and publish a full and complete statement of the financial condition of their township under a penalty of fifty dollars. In several counties in this state, where this law was disregarded, suits have been brought by the taxpayers and the penalty collected. By observing the law township clerks may save themselves and friends the trouble and expense of litigation.

A CHINESE TALE OF HORROR.

[Shanghai Evening Currier, Mar. 14.]

Yesterday morning the presiding magistrate of the quiet city of Chinhai was arroused from his dreamy slumbers by the appearance of a wife-deceived and avenging husband, who produced from a cloth wrapper two human heads, which represented his wife and her guilty companion. One vision of this tragedy runs thus: The injured husband had, through his employment upon a steamer, absent from home for long periods of time, during which the cause of evil was contracted, and at the close of the old year the husband returning home to enjoy the usual festivities found his neighborhood all alive with the story of his wife's unfaithfulness. These live coals of tale-bearing gave additional heat to his anger, but he contrived to conceal his feelings from his wife, and hurriedly left home under the pretence of going to Hankow, but instead of leaving, he, with a few trusty friends, secreted themselves in the neighborhood, prepared to obtain a cruel redress before the fire of his anger cooled down. The unfortunate man, ignorant of the fatal trap, entered the house of the woman, and both being surprised were secured by the watchers, who spedily severed their heads from their bodies, and carried the former to the district magistrate. There will be a trial, but the whole piece of legislation is a mockery. The guilt or innocence of the murder will be decided by a test. Both heads will be put in a large tub of water, and set in motion by vigorous stirring. If the heads meet face to face, behold a clear proof of guilt! If not, then all the worse for the avenger. Such is the power of custom. Custom more cruel than raw—for it demands the death of both. It is said that if the man had but killed the intruder he would be liable to punishment for murder. But having affected a double murder, he escapes with a mere formal whipping, and receives 20,000 cash. The district, to purge itself of such evil, destroys the bodies by cremation and the very piece of ground rendered unclean by the evil must be ploughed up before the virtuous will venture to dwell there.

SHOT DEAD BY HIS OWN FATHER.

Wilksbarre, May 16.—John Kilpatrick, a miner, during a drunken fit last night, shot and killed his only son. Kilpatrick came home about 9 P. M., and when he ascertained that his wife was visiting at a friend's house, he took his son's watch and sat on the door-step, swearing that unless she returned in fifteen minutes he would blow her heart out. The son aged 19, who had retired, heard the threat and asked the father to put up the pistol, but received a threat for a reply, and on repeating the request the father fired and shot him in the left temple. The murderer was arrested a few minutes afterward, but today denies all knowledge of the affair.

The Supreme Court of Pennsylvania has ruled that a demand for payment of note must be made at a reasonable time of day, if at a private residence, not an hour when it may be presumed that the family is in bed; and if at a place of business within business hours

THE NEW EXEMPTION LAW AS IT NOW AWAITS THE GOVERNOR'S SIGNATURE.

The following is a copy of an act to exempt from taxation public property used for public purposes and places of religious worship, places of burial not used or held for private or corporate profit, and institutions of purely public charity, as the same has passed the Senate and House:

SEC. 1. *Be it enacted*, That all churches, meeting-houses, or other regular places of stated worship, with the grounds thereto annexed necessary for the occupancy and enjoyment of the same, all burial grounds not used or held for private or corporate profit, all hospitals, universities, colleges, seminaries, academies, associations, and institutions of learning, benevolence, or charity, with the grounds thereto annexed and necessary for the occupancy and enjoyment of the same, founded, endowed, and maintained by public or private charity and all school-houses belonging to any county, borough, or school district, with the grounds thereunto annexed, be, and the same are hereby exempted from all and every county, city, borough, bounty, road school, and poor tax; provided, that all property, real or personal, other than that which is in actual use and occupation for the purposes aforesaid, and from which any income or revenue is derived, shall be subject to taxation, except where exempted by law for State purposes, and nothing herein contained shall exempt the same therefrom.

A Raleigh, N. C., newspaper contains the advertisement of Smith, "the great American house movist."

THE INFLATION VETO.

Chicago, May 13.—The Tribune this morning publishes replies to a circular sent to the press of Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Kansas, Missouri, and Nebraska, asking how each stood on the question of the President's veto of the currency bill. The summary shows that of the 933 papers answering the circular 514 sustain the veto, 408 oppose it, and eleven are non-committal. Of these sustaining the veto 295 are Republican to 217 Democratic. Indiana, Missouri, and Kansas are the only States where a majority of the papers oppose the veto.

A modest young husband sent the following message over the wires to friends in Brookville the other day: "See 9th chapter of Isaiah, 6th verse." The dusty old Bible was hauled down and found to explain all. The verse reads: "For unto us a child is born—unto us a son is given."

LOSS OF THE STEAMER MAUCHU

San Francisco, May 18.—The steamship Mauchu, from Nagasaki for Shanghai, was lost March 17 in a heavy gale. Captain Lowell, Dr. Spedding, and three others were picked up March 19 by the German brig Otto and are the only persons known to be saved out of fifty crew and passenger.

DISASTROUS FIRES.

San Francisco, May 18.—The steamer Japan brings news from Yokohama to April 23d. A fire at Metta destroyed two hundred and twenty-one houses. Many of those who were burnt out died from starvation. A fire at Gifu destroyed four hundred houses.

SWIFT JUSTICE IN DELAWARE

Wilmington, Del., May 14.—James Robinson, from New Haven, Conn., who came to this city yesterday morning, and at noon attempted to commit a rape on a little girl on Market street, between Sixth and Seventh, and who was arrested a few minutes afterwards and committed to New Castle jail, was to day arraigned for trial. This afternoon he was convicted, and sentenced at 5 P. M., the time between the commission of the crime and conviction being just twenty-nine hours. He will be flogged with thirty lashes on Saturday, stand in the pillory one hour, and be imprisoned for ten ten years.

SIX HUNDRED HOGS BURNED.

Chicago, May 21—At a late hour last night Tobey & Booth's packing house, at Grove and Eighteenth streets, was burned with its contents. The building was valued at about $40,000, and was stored with a large number of dressed hogs, over 1,000,000 pounds of bulk meats, and several thousand pounds of lard. In addition, there were on the premises 800 live hogs, of which not more than 200 were saved. The total loss is estimated at not over $1,500,000, and is fully covered by insurance.

THE MILL RIVER DISASTER

The correspondent of the Tribune gives the following graphic description of the terrible calamity in Massachusetts:

About seven o'clock the watchman at the dam discovered a small leak near the base but such things had been seen before and caused no great uneasiness. In a few moments, however, the trickling stream began to run faster and wider; a considerable gap appeared, and the guard suddenly realized the imminence of the disaster. He started on a run for Williamsburg. Long before he could traverse the two miles of downhill road, a loud rumbling noise went up behind him, the whole embankment gave way, and the waters swept down the valley from hill to hill. The motion of the great mass was not so swift but what the watchman could save himself by escaping up the hill side, and thence he watched the progress of the destruction against which he was powerless to utter a word of warning.

In the little village below, the operatives had fairly begun their work for the day; the mills were alive with busy workmen; there were the monotonous whirr of wheels, the buzz of spindle and loom, and all the multitudinous sounds that go to make up the monotone of industry in such a hive of activity and energy. In that quiet little community of 2,000 souls were few who were not up and abroad at this hour of the morning. For none of them was there any warning of the peril which, back of them on the hills, was sweeping down bearing ruin, destruction and death. For until the tremendous wave 90 feet high and of the width of the valley, throwing up spray like smoke and bearing a great mass of timber, earth and stone in its teeth, was in sight and fairly hovering over them did they apprehend their danger. Looking up at it then in the horrible moment of agony that was left them there was no escape. Toward the coming flood there was no possible outlet. Only death in that direction. On either side toward the hills—oh, so far away—they looked in vain. The hill of waters flanked them, and hope on either side was cut off. Down the valley there was no chance for the fleetest rider to outrun the hungry monster that came roaring after. It was a moment of the deadliest terror. Hemmed in, surrounded, overwhelmed, what could they do? There was nothing left but to raise white faces and implering hands to Heaven, and to God's mercy leaving their fate.

And the tremendous power of this vast volume of water can hardly be conceived. The great stones in the dam and in the foundations of buildings were tossed about by it like pebbles. It seized deep rooted trees and swept them out of the ground as a man might flirt a half shrub from its place. It plunged against massive walls, and as they tottered and fell; it caught blocks of masonry and flung them far and wide in the track of its fury. It burrowed under the heavy boilers that with derricks and jackscrews and powerful machinery had been slowly but laboriously set in their places; it tossed them up like feathers, and using them as battering rams, carried them aloft in its arms with a great sweep of destruction and death as it went. It lifted buildings from their foundations, and crushing and destroying them; it rolled before it on its great curling front large blocks of stone, masses of timber and iron which it seemed to handle as weapons of destruction, dashing them down upon whatever stood in its path.

A more awful spectacle than that of this devouring wave thirty feet high with streamers of spray above it, and all the tokens of the death and destruction it had caused plunging along with it, and with the rear of an earthquake accompanying it, could hardly be imagined.

WHITE SLAVES OF ENGLAND.

London, May 1.—Occasionally one finds treasure in the Blue Book, just as one occationally finds a diamond in the straw at the bottom of a cab, or a £10 note in the dust-bin. Here, for example, is a Blue Book just published, containing the reports of the inspectors of factories for last year. Part of this sober and dull volume have all the interest of a sensational romance—yes, more than that, since its statements are not only founded on fact but are fact. One of the inspectors goes to examine the brickmakers, and he finds them to be

"A most barbarous, semi-civilized, ignorant set. Men and boys look like red Indians; the sand used in brickmaking being burnt red their bodies are covered with it; they work bareheaded, barefooted, with exposed breasts, and with wild looks. Drinking all day Sunday; Monday and Tuesday, dog fighting and man fighting. They resume work on Wednesdays, when the poor little unfortunates (that is the children of both sexes, who are made to do the hardest part of the labor,) are made to toil away, stamping and carrying, and pressing a fortnight's work into three or four days. One man who last week earned in four days 28 shillings ($6.-50 in gold) took his wife home a loaf of bread and six pence.

The rest of the money had been spent in beer and dog fighting. The law is that children under twelve years must not be employed at work; but in the Black Country and in other places this provision is continually violated. One man who earned by his own work $600 a year made his son of twelve years old work all night—every night from six P. M. to six A. M. During the night the boy had to go to school, and out of the twenty four hours he had only seven for meals and sleep.

But all this bad as it is, is nothing compared with what goes on in the salt works of Northwich. There the custom is for men and women to work together through the night; and as the heat of the works is great and the evaporation of the salt spoils the clothing, the men and women strip off their clothing and work together all night long with no covering above the waist and with none below save a single petticoat or a pair of trousers. The scenes nightly, enacted at these works are horrible beyond description, and chastity, morality, and decency among the workers are words destitute of meaning.—*World.*

The bricklayers of San Francisco want $5 for a day's work of eight hours.

Reading, Penn., had a dog addicted to drinking lager, but he is dead, and no wonder

Miss Wells, only 12 years old, has received a school-teacher's certificate in Wapello, Iowa.

A RAILROAD UNDER THE HAMMER.

The Sunbury and Lewistown Mortgage Foreclosed.

The following account of the sale of the above road will be read with interest in this county:

The purchaser bought the road as the agent of a pool that holds $800,000 of the $1,250,000 of the mortgage bonds. All the owners of the bonds who bought them of Lancaster bankers, we understand are in this pool; those who were at the head of it were under the impression that they could purchase the road for a couple of hundred thousand dollars, but some one who had gathered up a lot of bonds at a low rate, and heard of the agreement made among those in the pool by which they were bound to buy the road at any price which it would bring, up to the par value of the bonds, was hard-hearted enough to spoil this pleasant anticipation, and bid property up to $551,000. The $400,000 of bonds that were not in the $800,000 pool will get about 46 per cent. in cash for their bonds, which have to be made up to them by a pro rata assessment among the holders of the "pool" bonds, who are now the owners of the road. Of course the stock-holders have lost all their money and their "income" bonds are worthless, the purchase money not reaching to pay the first mortgage on which the road was sold.

The trustees of the bond-holders having brought suit to recover on the mortgage held by them, and the court having ordered the sale of the whole line of road with all its appurtenances; at 12 o'clock exactly, No. 1, a side room in the Philadelphia Exchange building, was crowded with the bondholders and other persons interested in the sale. There were present, noticeably, ex-Governor Pollock, Fredrick Carroll Brewester, David W. Sellers, and a number of prominent interior Attorneys. The notice of the foreclosure was read by Mr. Freeman, the auctioneer. When he had finished reading the notice, a number of gentlemen, each rapidly following the other, gave notice of claims for land damages pending against the road. In all, these claims aggregated about $30,000. As Mr. Freeman was about to invite a bid, another gentleman raised his hand.

"More notices?" asked the auctioneer.

"A few," was the answer; whereupon he went on to state that one Christian Gross had three claims which had never been satisfied.

A voice—"They have evidently paid no damages."

"Not many," was the answer.

Governor Pollock—"I instruct the auctioneer to say that none of these claims affect the title of the road."

"Now, gentlemen," said Mr Freeman, blandly, "what do I hear. Is $500,000 bid?"

No answer.

"Is $450,000 bid?"

Still profound silence.

"Is $400,000 bid?"

A pause.

A voice from the crowd—"Four hundred thousand."

There was a sensation, and every one wanted to see the speaker.

Mr. Sellers—Mr. Auctioneer, do you know the bidder?

Mr. Freeman—"Yes sir, I've got my eye on him."

"Keep it there."

"Gent'emen, $400,000, is bid."

Mr. Malcolm Campbell took a position near the stand, and said "491."

The man in the crowd said "ten."

Here the bidding, like a shuttlecock between two battledores, darted back and forth between these two gentelmen, Mr. Campbell always seeing the unknown and going just "one thousand" better. The latter made a desperate leap.

"$500,000," he cried.

"One" answered the inpurturbable Campbell.

Then the two contestants parried each other's blows until the unknown attempted a *coup de grace*.

"$550,000," he exclaimed.

"One" answered Campbell.

Mr. Freeman repeated the bid, $551,000, three times, giving a long pause between each, to allow the unknown to collect himself and then knock down to Mr. Malcolm Campbell.

"Sign the book, please," said the auctioneer, "and pay over the $20,000; if you don't [*sotto voce*] we'll have to go over the affair again."

This was not necessary, as Mr. Campbell announced that he acted as trustee in bidding. Five gentlemen, attorneys for certain of the bondholders, then stepped up and signed their names to the books as follows:

Samuel M. Zullick, Josiah Hart, Daniel Buck, W. Bud Deacon and Thomas D. Thornton.

As Mr. Zullick signed his name he handed over his check for $20,000, and the crowd dispersed.

H. H. WEISER & CO.,
Manufacturers of
Sheetiron & Tinware,
Millheim, Pa.
All kinds of Tinware, constantly on hand and made to order.
Sheetiron Ware of every description, always on hand.
Roofing in Tin and Sheetiron done in the most approved and satisfactory style.
Spouting done to order.
Their stock of Tin and Sheetiron Goods is large and complete, and offered at the
LOWEST PRICES.
Their establishment has been enlarged and stocked completely throughout.
Satisfaction guartanteed, and all jobs promptly attended to. apr16-y

Keystone Store.
FOR FARMERS AND ALL OTHERS
Go to
H. YEARICK & SON,
FOR FOREIGN & DOMESTIC
DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,
HATS, CAPS, BOOTS & SHOES.
CLOTHING, OIL CLOTHS,
QUEENSWARE, GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, FLOUR, &c
No. 6 Bush's Arcade, Bellefonte, Pa.
All kinds of country produce taken. Best Bargains in town to be had. nov20tf

THE PEOPLE'S DRUG STORE.
Next door to Wilson & Hicks' Hardware store, Allegheny St.,
BELLEFONTE, PA.,
Jas. C. Williams.
(Successor to B. F. Rankin & Co.)
DEALER IN
PURE DRUGS
AND MEDICINES,
CHEMICALS, PAINTS, OILS, DYE STUFFS, VARNISHES, BRUSHES, PERFUMERY, NOTIONS, AND FANCY ARTICLES FOR THE TOILET, &c.
PURE WINE & LIQUORS
for medicinal purposes.
SHOULDER BRACES,
TRUSSES & SUPPORTERS in great variety
Also, Choice
CIGARS AND TOBACCO,
and all other articles usually kept in first class Drug Store.
PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED.
9mar74tf

FURNITURE.
JOHN BRECHBILL,
in his elegant New Rooms, Spring street, Bellefonte.
Has on hand a splendid assortment of HOUSE FURNITURE from the commonest to the most elegant.
CHAMBER SETS, PARLOR SETS, SOFAS, CHAIRS, BEDSTEADS, WOOL MATTRESSES, HAIR MATTRESSES.
and anything wanted in the line of his business—homemade and city work. Also, has made a speciality and keeps on hand, the largest and finest stock of
WALL PAPER.
Goods sold at reasonable rates, wholesale and retail. Give him a call before purchasing elsewhere. feb6-1y

Miller & Son,
CENTRE HALL, PA.
DEALERS IN
PURE DRUGS
AND MEDICINES,
CHEMICALS, OILS, DYE STUFFS, PERFUMERY, NOTIONS, FANCY ARTICLES FOR THE TOILET, &c., &c., &c.
PURE WINE AND LIQUORS,
for medicinal purposes.
Trusses & Supporters in great variety.
Also, choice
CIGARS AND TOBACCO,
and all other articles usually kept in a first class Drug Store.
Prescriptions carefully Compounded.
20oct tf MILLER & SON.

CENTRE HALL
FOUNDRY & MACHINE SHOPS
The undersigned having taken possession of the above establishment, respectfully informs the public that the same will be carried on by them in all its branches as heretofore.
They manufacture the CELEBRATED TRUE BLUE CORNPLANTER, the best now made.
HORSE POWERS, THESHING MACHINES & SHAKERS, PLOWS, STOVES, OVEN DOORS, KETTLE PLATES, CELLAR GRATES, PLOW SHEARS & MILL GEARING of every description, in short their Foundry is complete in every particular.
We would call particular attention to our EXCELSIOR PLOW, acknowledged to be the best Plow now in use, shifting in the beam for two or three horses.
We also manufacture a new and improved TRIPLE GEARED HORSE POWER, which has been used extensively in the northern and western States, and has taken precedence over all others.
We are prepared to do all KINDS OF CASTING from the largest to the smallest, and have facilities for doing all kinds of IRON WORK such as PLANING, TURNING, BORING, &c.
All kinds of repairing done on short notice
VAN PELT & SHOOP,
jan21-1y. Centre Hall.

J. ZELLER & SON
DRUGGISTS
No 6 Brockerhoff Row, Bellefonte, Pa
Dealers in Drugs, Chemicals, Perfumery, Fancy Goods &c., &c.
Pure Wines and Liquors for medical purposes always kept. may 21, 72.
NEW FURNITURE STORE.
IN THE CONRAD HOUSE, BELLEFONTE, PA.
GEORGE OERYAN,
Dealer in
FURNITURE
OF ALL KINDS,
BEDSTEADS, TABLES, CHAIRS, Parlor and Chamber Sets,
SOFAS, LOUNGES,
BUREAUS, WASHSTANDS, WARDROBES, MATTRESSES, &c.
Particular Attention to Ordered Work.
REPAIRING DONE PROMPTLY.
UNDERTAKING,
In All Its Branches,
METALIC, WALNUT, ROSEWOOD, AND COMMON CASKETS.
Always on Hand, and Funerals Attended With an Elegant Hearse. apl5tf.

CENTRE HALL
COACH SHOP,
LEVI MURRAY,
at his establishment at Centre Hall, keeps on hand, and for sale, at the most reasonable rates.
Carriages,
Buggies,
& Spring Wagons,
PLAIN AND FANCY,
and vehicles of every description made to order, and warranted to be made of the best seasoned material, and by the most skilled and competent workmen. Persons wanting anything in his line are requested to call and examine his work, they will find it not to be excelled for durability and wear. may 3tf.

LEVI MURRAY,
NOTARY PUBLIC, SCRIBNER AND CONVEYANCER,
CENTRE HALL, PA.
Will attend to administering Oaths, Acknowledgement of Deeds, &c, writing Articles of Agreement, Deeds, &c, may15

P. B. WILSON. T. A. HICKS
WISON & HICKS.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
Hardware and Stove Dealers
Builders Hardware
CARRIAGE MAKERS GOODS,
SADDLER'S TRIMMINGS,
ALL KINDS OF HARDWARE AND HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS.
STOVES.
SPEAR'S ANTI-CLINKER STOVES & DOUBLE HEATERS
which will heat one or two rooms down stairs, and same number above. Cost very

THE CENTRE REPORTER

THURSDAY MAY 28, 1874.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Our friends will oblige by sending us items of local news in their locality, give us the facts only, and we will put them in shape, also notices of deaths and marriages.

Any one sending us the names of six new subscribers, with the cash, will be entitled to receive the REPORTER one year free.

The REPORTER being read by nearly every body on this side of the county, where it has a larger circulation than any two papers, will be found the best medium for advertising business, sales, &c. &c.

—Tuesday was very cool.

—Election of Directors of L. C. & T. RR., on Tuesday, June 9th, next.

—D. F. Luse's new house makes a fine appearance, painted in imitation of marble.

—Wonder whether the mackerel are all caught out of the stone-mill-dam, as we failed to hook any the other day—perhaps they're roosten in Armagast's cellar.

—The editor of the Lock Haven Republican is uneasy because there are no show bills pasted for the present in that city. In the meantime, look into a glass if you want to see the "anamile."

—Remember there is a clock, watch-maker and jeweler at Centre Hall. See advertisement.

—Centre Co., Sabbath School Association, meets in the Presbyterian Church, at Spring Mills, June 2 and 3.

—Henry Yearick, of Girardville, Schuylkill county, was up on a visit to his old friends in this valley. He looks well and we are glad to learn that he is getting along well.

—Godey's Lady's Book for June has its usual fund of entertaining reading, useful patterns, and good engravings. The July number will contain another handsome chromo as an illustration.

—Widow Shoop, while on her way to this place, on Tuesday, from Harris twp., accidentally fell out of the mail wagon, sustaining severe injuries about the temple and on one of her arms.

—Aaronsburg's mud volcano is nearly played out, it only spouted a little yet last week. Trying to straddle both sides of the road question, was too hard a strain on the "biler."

—Mr. J. R. Lowrie, esq., of Warrior's Mark, is mentioned as a candidate for directorship in the L. C. & T. RR. Mr. Lowrie is strongly in favor of the completion of the road, we are reliably informed and as he lives along the line of the road, he is preferable on that account, for he naturally, as a director would lend his voice in the direction of its speedy completion. We trust that the entire board of directors, to be elected in a few weeks will be of the same disposition. We care not who the new board is to be composed of, only so they are men who will press the rights and claims of our people in having the railroad pushed on, and if Mr. Lowrie is elected as one of the board, we know he will be seconded, in all his efforts to push the work forward, by every stockholder along the line, and as he is a gentleman of excellent qualifications for the place and of large intelligence, we would naturally look for some good results if he were chosen a director.

—On last Tuesday afternoon, Mr. Thompson, Lecturer of the National Grange, spoke in this town upon the subject of the Grange. The schoolrooms were filled with a fine audience, representing every quarter of our valley. Mr. Thompson's lecture lasted about 1½ hours, and was listened to with the closest attention. He spoke of the origin of the Grange movement, its purposes in a financial and social respect, and delivered as complete a discourse as may be given upon that side of the subject, and we believe it met the approbation of all the members of the order. The Granges in the west were making money for their members, in procuring agricultural implements and machinery at less than one-half the retail price. The Grange is increasing with astonishing rapidity, and will be a power in the land, and will tend to elevate the social and intellectual standing of the farmer. Space will not allow us to give a lengthy synopsis of the lecture.

—Large invoice of new goods coming this week, at S. S. Wolf's store. Latest styles of ladies' dress goods and trimmings. Call and see.

—Co. Supt. Magee, at last term of court, was admitted to practice at the bar of this county. Success to him.

—Mrs. Walker, says the Watchman, a lady of about 50 years of age, and apparently in the very best of health, died suddenly at the residence of her husband on the other side of the creek from Reynold's Mill, on Saturday night about nine o'clock. She had been in town and had just returned to the house, when the fatal shaft struck her. Some of the family were out at the time and were horrified to find their mother dead when they came home. The Walkers formerly lived in Chambersburg, and had but recently removed to this place. Great sympathy is expressed for the bereaved husband and family.

—ACCIDENT ON JACK'S MOUNTAIN.—We are informed that Mr. Paul Ettinger, of Hartley township, was badly hurt while lumbering on the 15th inst. The locality of the accident was near the gap in the mountain leading to Snyder county. He had his child with him on this occasion, and parties working above him had started a log, which came rushing down the mountain at a fearful speed, and in running for his little one Mr. E. was overtaken by the log in question, the same breaking one of his legs and badly bruising him besides.

—Sheriff Albright, of Lewisburg, sold his grist and saw mill in Brush Valley to Wm. S. Long for $9,000 and the tavern stand of the latter gentleman in Hartleton. Mr. A. has rented the hotel to Jos. B. Honsinger, who will take charge of the same on the 26th of this month. Joe will make a good landlord and no mistake. Success attend him.—*Telegraph.*

—"BIG INDIANS" UNEARTHED.—The Lock Haven Enterprise says: While Mr. Isaac Packer was plowing on his farm a few days age, he unearthed the bones of two "big Indians." They were buried with their faces downward. One of the skulls, which was in a tolerably good state of preservation, had a pipe in his toothless mouth, which had been placed there, no doubt in accordance with a belief once prevalent among the "Sons of the Soil," that whatever was the greatest pleasure in this life would be eternally hereafter. Therefore we may judge that the pipe found with the skeleton, belonged to an Indian who was an inveterate smoker.

NOTICE TO SCHOOL DIRECTORS AND AUDITORS OF POTTER TWP.—School Directors and Auditors of Potter twp., are hereby notified to meet at the Old Fort, on the first Monday of June, as the law directs, being the first day of the month, at nine o'clock A. M. to settle and audit the accounts of the Treasurer of School Board. The newly elected Directors will meet on the same day, and at the same place to organize new Board. PETER HOFFER,
W. W. ROYER, Pres't.
may 14 3t. Sec'y.

POLAND CHINA PIGS, the best breed known, are offered for sale by JOHN RISHEL, of Centre Hill, at $8 to $12 per pair, from different litters, and single Poland Chinas at $6 to $7. These prices to stand if pigs are bought within a reasonable time, otherwise there will be an advance corresponding with age. 14 may. 3t.

—THE MAGIC INKSTAND.—This gem of an invention, so useful, and valuble, and in every way unsurpassed in the quality of its ink, is enjoying an immense sale in this country. By adding water, you get the very best quality of ink, which the most powerful acid will not eat out. Get one and see for yourself. Sold at two (2) dollars by all stationers or by mail from R. C. Root, Anthony & Co., New York.

—It is unlawful now to shoot squirrels before the 1st September. Mind that.

—We are indebted to the Normal School of Music, F. C. Moyer, President, Freeburg, Pa., for an honorary membership. This school will open on the 4th of August and will continue six weeks.

—A fine thunder shower on Monday Morning before daylight.

—A salt mackerel was caught in a fish-basket, in Sinking Creek, near Stone mill, the other day. The Fish Commissioners will make note of this.

—Sportsmen, go to Theodore Deschner if you want the best kind of fishing tackle. Mr. Deschner keeps the best selected stock outside the city. Opposite Bush arcade.

—Wm. Wolf, at the old stand, is constantly in receipt of new goods. Always something new, fresh and cheap. Remember, at the old stand.

—An exchange declares that "Ben Butler would be happy if he could get his vignette on the ten cent shinplasters." No doubt of it, but he would be much happier if he could get his hands on them.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

—Five or six new houses are in prospect again for Centre Hall. Sam'l Farner will erect a brick dwelling on Church street, Jacob M'Cool one on Main street, and Rev. Miller talks of erecting four on his lots.

—Centre Hall is to have another new church, this summer, of brick and larger than any of the other churches. The Methodists intend building it on Church street, and have selected a lot of S. S. Wolf for the site. This will give our town more churches, according to population, than any other place in the county. The Presbyterians will, no doubt, also erect a church here, before many years.

PENN HALL SQUIBS.

Spring Mills is all aglow with excitement, at the prospects of the coming Sunday School Convention. Ample preparations are being made to accommodate almost any number of visitors.

The literary society of this place, has unanimously decided, that the "white man has a better right to the American soil, than the bloody Indian." That puts a clincher on that vexatious question.

10 S. C. in his last report, told a whopper. He said that the directors of Gregg township, passed a resolution to the effect that no person should be employed to teach their schools, who had not attended the Penn Hall academy. The statement is a thread-bare falsehood, and was only gotten up for buncombe. You had better turn to writing poetry, Dave, your powers of imagination are sufficiently developed.

"I got my jack flopped," is the way the fellows in this place say, when their bitter-sweets go back on 'em. That is a decidedly elegant and grammatical expression, and should be cultivated.

Spring Mills, an adjunct of Penn Hall, is beginning to look up. Isreal Grenoble, has in process of erection a fine dwelling house, which, when completed, will compare favorably with any there.

The people in this section say "amen," to the article contained in last week's Reporter, with reference to Geo. F. Miller, Pres. of the L. C. & T. RR. The people are heartily tired of the dallying which has characterized the building of the road in question, and it is not more than justice for them to ask, that satisfaction be rendered in compensation for the money, which was so promptly subscribed by the stockholders. E. S.

SPAWLS FROM PENN.

Millheim is growing fast. I noticed while I was in town the other day that the much talked of E. C. Campbell's grist mill is not the only improvement added this summer; but in connection with it are the dwelling house and stable of Dennis Lose, the new barn of D. A. Musser, and some others which we do not deem necessary to mention, as the above plainly shows that Millheim is fast becoming the metropolis of the township.

The party arrested for stealing horse blankets of which we spoke before, had a hearing before Justice Reifsnyder, one day last week. One of the party was set free while the other was bound over for court.

By what I understand the people of Millheim are about starting a loan or building association. May it be successful so as to induce some of her sister towns to follow suit.

J. C. Condo, our Penns Creek blacksmith, is one of the best workmen Centre county can trot out. Jim does all kinds of work and at all times; Saturday afternoon and Sunday excepted.

Among the public nuisances of Millheim are the following: First an innumerable multitude of worthless dogs on the street; second, old wagons and buggies in connection with wood and ash piles mark some of the intelligent places; third, at some places the side walks, (what little they have) are blockaded with empty boxes and barrels; fourth, the frog ponds at the lower end of town have been in very good condition for seine fishing and the proprietors have ordered some one to haul stones, we suppose they intend to stone the frogs out of their old habitation; fifth, the last we are going to name and the greatest of all is the giant car. It prevents the up-town-folks from seeing anything that transpires in the business part of town unless they go on the middle of the street. Let this suffice. I hope when I come to town again to see some of these nuisances put away with.

On last Friday evening a certain sharper stopped his horse in front of the First National Hotel and introduced a medicine warranted to cure all cases a man is subject to. He also sold envelopes containing cards, with numbers all guaranteed to be lucky ones (that is lucky for him or the purchaser), the consequence was the majority of the numbers were lucky in his favor so much so that he made four dollars clear gain in about a half an hour.

Jim Montgomery, formerly of the hardware store, has gone to Mifflin Co., to pay a visit to his friends, after which he intends going to Poughkeepsie, N. Y., to take a commercial course. Success to him.

The firm of Hartman & Lamy in the foundry business have dissolved partnership and the business will again be carried on as before by R. B. Hartman.

It reminds a person of O'Bryan's furniture store, in coming into Millheim to see people rush to the shop of H. H. Weiser & Co., to buy tinware and engage spouting. In fact the rush is daily increasing, the reason, doubtless is, because their work is all first-class and prices low enough for all to be accommodated. 10 S. C.

For the Reporter.

MR. KURTZ—*Dear Sir:*—In your last week's paper, I notice an article under "Spawls from Penn," in regard to a resolution of the Gregg township school board to this effect: That they would not employ any teacher that was not a pupil of the Penn Hall Academy. This is a false report, and I advise the writer, 10 S. C. not to make any more such statements. He says that such is the report, and I believe that he is the reporter of it. However it is maliciously false. I am a student of this school, and have not the least idea of teaching in this township, nor do they expect to have the "Spawler" 10 S. C. for a teacher. STUDENT.

—About twenty-one years ago, says the Allentown Democrat, a daughter of Peter Hawk, residing near Kregsville, Monroe county, was bitten by a mad dog. Everything possible was done to prevent an attack of the horid disease. She escaped, grew to be a woman, and was married, but still no decided symptoms appeared. Week before last, she was, however, seized with the dreaded malady, and after much suffering died on Tuesday of last week.

Lutheran clergyman in Freedom, Wis., who refused to officiate at the funeral of a Granger, has been dismissed by his congregation.

HOW A SUBMARINE DIVER WORKS.

We steam quietly down along the coast for nearly two hours, until we reach the wreck, which is indicated by the tops of three masts tapering a few feet above the surface. It is not certain yet that the vessel can be saved, and before work is begun a survey of her bottom must be made by divers. We have noticed a stalwart fellow on the tug, who has a courageous face and a thick-set frame. He is one of the divers, who of all seamen have the strangest experiences. They go deep beneath the sea, separated only by a thread from death. Watch this man as he dons his submarine armor and prepares to descend into the water. Over a suit of thick flannels he puts a pair of trowsers and a jacket made from India-rubber cloth. These fit close to the ankles, wrists, and across the chest. Next he thrusts his head through a copper breast-plate provided with grooves, into which the body of the jacket is fitted and screwed down by an attendant. The head is now covered by a helmet, with a glass face, which is also screwed to the breast-plate,—helmet and breast-plate weighing together about fifty-six pounds. Twenty-eight pounds more are added to this burthen by a pair of shoes with leaden soles, and thus equipped the diver resembles neither man nor fish. A near-sighted naturalist might puzzle over him for hours, without finding out to which species he belongs, so monstrous does he appear. And it is not surprising that the sharks themselves are afraid of the divers, and flee incontinently if one of their arms be outstretched.

The extreme weight of diver is fatigning above water, and he is glad to embark in the surf-boat, which has been launched from the tug to convey him nearer the wreck than she dare approach. A few strokes of the oar bring the surveying party directly over the sunken vessel, and the final preparations for the descent are made. You and I watch breathlessly, but the diver thinks very little about the danger of what he is to do. One end of a coil of strong rubber tubing is fastened to a mouth-piece at the back of the helmet, and the other end is connected with an air pump in the boat. A hempen line is also secured to the outside of the helmet, and passes down the diver's right side, within easy reach of his hand. Upon this tubing and line his life will depend. Four blocks of lead, weighing fifty pounds, are now slung over his shoulders, and a waterproof bag, containing a hammer, a chisel, and a dirk-knife, is fastened over his breast. A short iron ladder is lowered over the starboard side of the boat, and the diver heavily climbs down each round. His weight causes the boat to dance and rock unsteadily. It is a very exciting moment for a novice, I can tell you! His comrades watch his movement attentively, and in another moment he is standing on the bottom round of the ladder. Two men stand by the handles of the air-pump at the other end of the boat. All is ready. The diver grasps a rope, to prevent a too rapid descent; he releases the ladder, and the green water swells over and hides him.

Full fathom five he sinks; and as the sea closes about him, the great weight of his armor dwindles away, and his movements are as free as an athlete's. Smoothly he descends, and soon feels his feet touching the hard sand. His foothold is unsteady, for notwithstanding the weights attached to him, he is still too buoyant, and once or twice he pulls the signal-line for less air. Well he knows that, unless the supply be rightly adjusted, he will either be suffocated or sent bubbling to the surface feet first.

But his signals are heeded, and as his tread becomes firm, he glances around him out of the little window in his helmet. Shoals of fish crowd inquisitively near, and some daringly rub themselves against his breast; but a wave of hand drives them off in utmost terror. A few yards away lies the wreck, bedded in the sand, and plainly visible in the green light of the depths. There is as much light, indeed, as we have on shore during ordinary foggy weather. The diver approaches cautiously. His greatest peril is in the tangled rigging and splinters, which might twist or break the air-pipe and signal-line. He does not move a step without first finding out whither it will lead him, and in good time he safely reaches the hull. Thus far he is pleased with the "job;" the water is clear and his feet do not sink into the sand. Now he begins his search for the damages, and works for four or five hours without interruption, examining the vessel in every part, and humming a lively tune as he moves briskly about. The diver is cold, an if he loiters he will be chilled; and, moreover, he understands that industry is the best cure for the loneliness of his position. At last, he signals to ascend, and he is brought on board the tug-boat. The master-wreckers crowd about him for information.

"Can the vessel be saved?" "She can," he answers. The planking amidships, a few feet above the keel, has been torn away; but she holds together, and if the weather is fair she may be afloat again in two weeks. The diver, having removed his dress, then calmly sits down to eat, while preparations are making for another descent.

An old diver is as comfortable under water as above, and can do eight hours' work a day in seven or eight fathoms. As the business is precarious, however, the men are paid $100 a month, and supplied with board and lodging. Do they serve an apprenticeship? Not exactly that, but most of them have been attendants to other divers, and have picked up the secrets in that way. "I waited on a man myself, and didn't get promoted until I knew the service like a book," says the diver, as he rises and calls for his boy. "All ready, Tom? Excuse me now, sir; it's time to go down again." And so he leaves us.

Two other men accompany him in his next descent, and after they have been down for an hour or two, they signal to the men in the boat, and the heavy cable that we have seen is lowered to them. In their curious dress, they work together with a will, and drag the massive links of iron underneath the hull of the ship,—one length amidships, a second length astern, and a third length forward. This is slow work, and before it is complete night has set in, and the divers are brought to the surface. Betimes next day it resumed, and when the centre of great chain is right under the keel, the pontoons are towed over the wreck. Meanwhile, constant communication is established between the men below and the men in the boats, by means of the signal-line. Once in about four hours the divers come to the surface for fresh air and food. But these pontoons—what are they? Let us pause a moment to glance at them. They are built of wood, and painted black. The largest measure 120 feet in length, 18 feet in width, and 14 feet in depth. These selected for the present case are much smaller, and three are stationed at each side of the wreck to buoy her. In each pontoon there are several wells, or holes, running through the centre, from deck to bottom. Into these the divers insert the ends of the three cables, which are drawn upward by hydraulic power. This part of the work costs severe effort and much time, and when it is done the strongest vessel, as a doctor would say, is on the fair way to recovery. The cables are drawn up through the wells, link by link, and are are tightened gradually, until the wreck lifts. She rises slowly, and the pontoons groan from the weight bearing upon them as they are drawn nearer to her. For some time yet she is out of sight; but, at last, her deck is seen dimly through the waves and soon afterwards it is above water. The wreckers, as we observed, are impassive in their manner; but they cannot repress their enthusiasm over the success, and two or three of the more excitable burst into cheers.—*From "The Coast-Wreckers," by Wm. H. Riding, St. Nicholas for June.*

THE GOOD FELLOW.

We wonder if "The Good Fellow" ever mistrusts his goodness, or realizes how selfish, how weak, how unprincipled, and how bad a fellow he truly is. He never regards the consequences of his acts as they relate to others, and especially those of his family friends. Little fits of generosity towards them are supposed to atone for all his misdeeds, while he inflicts upon them the disgraces, inconveniences, and burdens which attend a selfishly dissolute life. The invitation of a friend, the taunts of good-natured boon companions, the temptations of jolly fellowship, these are enough to overcome all his scruples, if he has any scruples, and to lead him to ignore all the possible results to those who love him best, and who must care for him in sickness and all the unhappy days of his selfish life.

The Good Fellow is notoriously careless of his family. Any outside friend can lead him whithersoever he will—into debauchery, idleness, vagabondage. He can ask a favor, and it is done. He can invite him into disgrace, and he goes. He can direct him into a job of dirty work, and he straightway undertakes it. He can tempt him into any indulgence which may suit his vicious whims, and, regardless of wife, mother, sister, who may be shortened in their resources so as legitimately to claim his protecting hand,—regardless of honorable father and brother,—he will spend his money, waste his time, and make himself a subject of constant and painful anxiety, or an unmitigated nuisance to those alone who care a straw for him. What pay does he receive for this shameful sacrifice? The honor of being considered a "Good Fellow," with a set of men who would not spend a cent for him if they should see him straving, and who would laugh over his calamities. When he dies in the ditch, as he is most likely to die, they breathe a sigh over the swill they drink, and say, "after all, he was a Good Fellow."

The feature of the Good Fellow's case which makes it well nigh hopeless, is, that he thinks he is a Good Fellow. He thinks that his pliable disposition, his readiness to do other good fellows a service, and his jolly ways, atone for all his faults. His love of praise is fed by his companions, and thus his self-complacency is nursed. Quite unaware that his good fellowship is the result of his weakness; quite unaware that his sacrifice of honor, and the honor and peace of his family, for the sake of outside praise is the offspring of the most heartless selfishness, quite unaware that his disregard of the interests and feelings of those who are bound to him by the closest ties of blood, is the demonstration of his utterly unprincipled character; he carries an unruffled, or a jovial front, while hearts bleed or break around him. Of all the scamps society knows, the traditional good fellow is the most despicable. A man who forfeits the good will of his fellowlights, or the sake of the praise of careless or unprincipled friends, makes his home a scene of anxiety and torture, and degrades and disgraces all who are associated with him in his home life, is, whether he knows it or not, a brute. If a man cannot be loyal to his house, and to those who love him, then he cannot be loyal to anything that is good. There is something mean beyond description, in any man who cares more for anything in this world than the honor, the confidence and love of his family. There is something radically wrong in such a man, and the quicker, and the more thoroughly he realizes it, in a humiliation which sends him to the earth in shame and confusion, the better for him. The traditional good fellow is a bad fellow from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot. He is as weak as a baby, vain as a peacock, selfish as a mule, and contemptible as a thief. He has not one redeeming trait upon which a reasonable self-respect can be built and braced.

Give us the bad fellow, who stands by his personal and family honor, who sticks to his own, who does not "treat" his friends while his home is in need of the money he wastes, and who gives himself no indulgence of good fellowship at the expense of duty! A man with whom the approving smile of a wife, or mother, or sister, does not weigh more than a thousand crazy braves of boon companions, is just no man at all.—*De. J. G Holland, in Scribner's for June.*

AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

The Executive Committee of the Centre County Agricultural Society met by appointment on the Fair Grounds at 2 o'clock p. m., May 14, 1874. Present, James A. Beaver, Chairman, Prof. John Hamilton, John A. Woodward, John Rishel and Wm. Shortlidge. Prof. Hamilton was appointed to prepare a draft for sheep pens, to be built on the inside and at upper end of trotting course. Mr. Woodward to correspond with the Averill Paint Co. and secure if possible sufficient paint to paint the fencing at the entrance to the ground. Mr. Shortlidge was appointed to superintend the survey of the road leading to the upper part of the grounds with a view to the widening and straightening of the same. Arrangements were made with David Klepper, the resident superintendent, to sell of lane, 1874, at 10 o'clock, a. m., of said day, when and where all parties having claims will present them before the Auditor or he debarred from coming in for a share of the fund. D. F. FORTNEY,
may28-2t Auditor.

Excelsior Cement.

The undersigned now manufactures Cement WARRANTED OF A SUPERIOR QUALITY, at his kilns, near Pine Creek Mills, in Haines twp. The article has already been used in large quantities upon the L. C. & S. C. RR., and has been found highly satisfactory upon all jobs where it has been used, and as equal to any now manufactured for use in CISTERNS, WATER PIPES, or whatever purpose a good quality of Cement is desirable. This Cement has already been tested far and wide, and rendered the utmost satisfaction. Persons therefore constructing Cisterns, laying Water Pipes, &c., will find it to their advantage to bear this in mind, and also, that he warrants the article as represented.

J. G. MEYER,
Aaronsburg, Pa.

Lime & Cement.

The best quality of lime, always on hand at the Centre Hall limekiln. Also, cement, which is warranted to be of a superior quality. Apply to

GEO. KOCH.

ALL KINDS OF

Factory Goods

constantly on hand and offered in exchange for Wool. These goods are of the very best and manufactured by A. P. CARPET, at Greenwood, and consist of CARPETS, BLANKETS, CASSIMERES, Sattinetts, Tweeds, Stocking Yarn, and all other goods generally manufactured.

WM. ARMSTRONG, Agent.
may7 3m. Potters Mills, Pa.

R. B. EVANS,
Watchmaker and Jeweler.

formerly from Harrisburg, Pa., will be in Centre Hall, beginning of May, where he will repair Watches, Clocks, and other articles in that line of business. He has had large experience and invites such encouragement as will justify his remaining permanently. All work carefully and promptly executed and on the most reasonable terms, and warranted. 7 may 4t.

CENTRE HALL

Furniture Rooms!

KRUMBINE & GROSSMAN,

respectfully inform the citizens of Centre county, that they have bought out the old stand of J. O. Deininger, and have reduced the prices. They have constantly on hand, and make to order

BEDSTEADS,
BUREAUS,
SINKS,
WASHSTANDS,
CORNER CUPBOARDS
TABLES, &c., &c.

HOME MADE CHAIRS ALWAYS ON HAND.

Their stock of ready-made Furniture is large and warranted of good workmanship and is all made under their own immediate supervision, and is offered at rates cheaper than elsewhere.

Call and see our stock before purchasing elsewhere. 23 feb. ly.

LUMBER FOR SALE.

The Undersigned has for sale a large stock of Lumber at the Loop Sawmill, lately Colyer's, consisting of

WHITE, YELLOW,
& PITCH PINE,
HEMLOCK, OAK,
POPLAR,
PALING, LATH,
SHINGLES,
HEADING.

and all kinds of Lumber generally used for building purposes. DRY WALNUT LUMBER always on hand. All kinds of Coopering done.

J. A. FLEMING,
apr2-3m Potters Mills.

TO

Farmers & Builders

Having attached a PLAINER to our steam-saw-mill, on the Seven Mountains near Foust's, we are prepared to furnish,

WHITE & YELLOW PINE FLOORING & SIDING,

AT LOWEST MARKET PRICES. SHINGLES & BILL LUMBER OF ALL KINDS, FENCING &c., FURNISHED TO ORDER.

I. & J. UNDERWOOD,
Milroy, Pa., or,
1 apr 3m Potter's Mills, Pa.

A BIG CHANCE FOR AGENTS OF EITHER SEX

WANTED—Agents and Peddlers for our PRESS AND STRAINER—Presses and strains jams, jellies, herbs, vegetables, lard, tallow, meats, cheese, &c. Over 60,000 sold in a few localities. Sells quick. Every family wants it. Is one of the pleasantest, most useful, successful and profitable articles ever sold by agents. Weighs six pounds. Price, $8.00. Exclusive territory given. Circulars free. LITTLEFIELD & DAME, 102 Washington St., Boston, Mass. 28 may 8t.

MERCANTILE APPRAISEMENT

LIST OF VENDERS OF MERCHANDISE, &c., subject to License in the different townships, boroughs and wards in Centre County for the year 1874:

Potter Township.

	CLASS.	LICENSE.
Strohm & Swartz	14	7 75
Philips & Glasgo	do	do
A. P. Groff	do	do
Miller & Son	do	do
J. A. Reesman	do	do
J. O. Deininger	do	do
Wm. Armagast	13	10 75
W. J. Thompson	do	do
S. S. Wolf	do	do
Wm. Wolf	12	13 25

Bellefonte Borough.

Edward Brown sr	14	$ 7 75
Geo Fasig	14	7 75
Edward Brown jr	do	7 75
J Brackbill	13	10 75
Harper Bro's	10	20 75
H Yerick & Son	11	15 "
B L Batcheler	13	10 "
W T Twitmyer	13	10 "
H F Bartley	14	7 "
Isaac Guggenheimer	11	15 "
A Sussman	14	7 "
Harnside & Thomas	11	15 "
Philip Auhalt	13	10 "
John Powers	14	7 "
W & T F Wetsler	do	do
Sechler & Co	12	13 25
F P Green	13	10 75
N Beck	14	7 "
Mrs N R Dare	do	do
Theodore Deshner	do	do
J P Zimmerman	do	do
James Welch & Co	13	10 75
Fryberger & Moran	13	10 75
J E Palmer	14	7 "
F P Blair	do	do
H Y Sittzer	do	do
Wm M Clelen	do	do
J & J Harris	10	20 75
Zellers & Son	13	10 75
John Montgomery	14	7 "
James C Williams	12	13 25
Philips & Glasgo	14	7 "
Lyon May & Loeb	10	20 75
E Joseph & Bro	do	do
D M Wagner	9	25 "
Hoffer & Kline	10	20 75
R Fortney	14	7 "
J F Steel	do	do
H D Zerger	do	do
Brickerhoff & Bro	10	20 75
Graham & Son	14	7 "
Miss M'Bride	do	do
L W Miller	do	do
D W Woodring & Co	13	10 75
John H Sands	14	7 "
Hoffer & Kline	12	13 25
Wilson & Hicks	10	20 75
C F Fryberger	14	7 "
George Ohrion	do	do
Hiram Hoffer	do	do
Hiram Hoffer (Billiard)	8	30 75
J W Cook	11	15 "
Lyon & Co	10	20 "
J D Sowerbeck	5	60 "
R C Cheesman	14	7 "

Benner Township.

F & J Beezer (distiller)	9	25 75
Lewis Haas (brewer)	11	15 75

Burnside Township.

George Book	14	7 75

Boggs Township.

Shell & Markley	do	do
James Lucas	do	do
Curtain & Co	13	10 75
McCoy & Sinn	10	20 "

Curtain Township.

Webber & Singer	14	7 75

Ferguson Township.

J R Smith (Pine grove mills)	14	7 75
J C Sample & Co	13	10 75
James Dunlap & Co	do	do
Isaac Dreese	14	7 "
Clemson & McWilliams	13	10 75
Shorb Stewart & Co	10	20 "

Gregg Township.

Philip Shook	12	13 25
R H Munson	14	7 "
I J Greenbo	do	do
J B Fisher	12	13 25

Howard Borough.

Lucas & Bro	13	10 75
Diehl & Brown	14	7 "
H B Grove	do	do
Samuel Brickley	do	do
Jenkens & Weber	do	do
James M Haffey	do	do
Mrs J. C Palmer	do	do
S F Kline	14	7 "
Mrs C E Allison	do	do
Robert Cook	13	10 75
B Webber	12	13 25

Howard Township.

R C Leathers	14	7 75

Haines Township.

B F Phillips	12	13 25
Shem, Spigelmyer & Son	do	do
M M Musser	13	10 75
Young, Wilson & Diehl	do	do

Harris Township.

Daniel Hess	13	10 75
J F Price	14	7 "
George Jack & Son	do	do
S H Stover	13	10 75
John C Shenckerger	14	7 "
James T Smart	do	do
D F Taylor	13	10 75
Kreamer & Eckenroth	do	do
L M Musser	14	7 "
Cyrus Wasson	do	do
James Jack	do	do
John H Nidlich	do	do

Half Moon Township.

J V Gray	13	10 75
James Love	do	do

Huston Township.

A T Bing & Co	13	10 75
J F Davis	do	do
Reuben Richards	14	7 "
Levi Womer	14	7 "
J F Williams (Martha Fur.)	do	do
Jno I Thompson	do	15 "

Liberty Township.

J I & E B Kunes (Blanchard)	13	10 75
Ligget Delong & co	do	do

Miles Township.

T N Wolf (Wolf's store)	13	10 75
John Sholl	do	14 "
S Frank & Son (Rebersburg)	12	13 25
Ocker & Co (Madisonburg)	do	do

Marion Township.

H Yerick & Son	12	13 25
Holmes & Wilson	do	do

Milesburg Borough.

McClaim & Cook	14	7 75
A R Peters	do	do
A. & C. Rayman	do	do
Jno Hibler	do	do
Jno S Loneberger	do	do
A S Boggs	do	do
J S Proudfoot	do	do
Mary Case	do	do

Penn Township.

G W Stover	9	25 75
David Etel	14	7 75
W J M'Mantigal	13	10 75
W K Alexander	do	do
E C Campbell	14	7 "
J W Snook	13	10 75
Isaac Shirtzinger	14	7 75
J D Foot	do	do
J F Chambers	do	do
J H Auman	do	do

Patton Township.

Sellers & Stine	14	7 75
Kate Murray	do	do
J W Bumbarger	do	do

Philipsburg Borough.

W L Harper	14	7 75
H M Herrington	do	do
Gray & Hyskey	do	do
Josephine Flegal & Co	do	do
R M Smith	do	do
C G Herlinger	do	do
T H Switzer	do	do
Thomas Hunt	do	do
N M Meyers	do	do
Bozzs & Co	do	do
T H Switzer	do	do
G S Flegal	13	10 75
H Horman & Co	do	do
Mateen & Miller	10	20 75
Hoop Homes & Co	12	13 25
T Lšge & Co	13	10 75
Strouss Lemun & Co	do	do
Jno D McGirk	14	7 75
Adams	do	do
D Ayres	do	do
James Stewart	do	do
J B Gephart	do	do
M G Bock	do	do
W H McCauslain	do	do
W D & A Naugle	do	do
Hirana Harris	do	do
Jones Alport & Co	do	do
E Perks	do	do
Mrs C Duross	do	do
Richard Hays	do	do
Geo A Zeigler	11	15 75
Richard Hays (Billiard)	8	30 75

Rush Township.

Jeffrey Hayes	14	7 75
Jno Haworth	do	do
Richard Langdon	do	do
Levi Gephart	do	do
Prter Smith	do	do
Jno Muttall	13	10 75
W J Jackson	do	do
Jno Miller & Son	do	do
E M Stuckwant	10	20 75

Snowshoe Township.

P B Krider & Son	14	7 75
Geo Shirk	do	do
A C Hinton	do	do
Herbert Williams	do	do
Jno Frazier	do	do
May Loeb & Co	10	20 75
J H Crisman & Bro	13	10 75

Spring Township.

H J Barnes	14	7 75
F S Heverly	do	do

Taylor Township.

Jno F Fowler	14	7 75
J Copenhaver distiller	9	25 75

Unionville Borough.

A J & T C Griest	11	15 75
Leathers & Buck	13	10 75
S A Martin	14	7 75

Walker Township.

Hueston & Rodger	14	7 75
Henry Brown	13	10 75
David Solt	do	do

Worth Township.

Gray & Gingery	13	10 75
H M Hoover & Co	12	13 25
J M Purdue	14	7 75

NOTICE is hereby given to all concerned, that an appeal will be held by the subscriber at the Court House in Bellefonte, on 2nd day of June, 1874, between the hours of 9 o'clock a. m. and 4 o'clock p. m. when persons aggrieved by the above classification will please attend, as there will be no further appeal thereafter.

ISAAC WOMER,
Mercantile Appraiser.

N. B.—The Act of Assembly of April 11, 1862, provides that license, assessed as above, must be paid to the County Treasurer on or before the first day of July, A. D. 1874. J. B. MITCHELL,
Treasurer of Centre Co.

TREASURER'S SALE OF UNSEATED LANDS FOR TAXES FOR 1872 and 1873, AND PREVIOUS YEARS.

Notice is hereby given, that in pursuance of an Act of Assembly, passed the 12th day of June, A. D. 1815, entitled "An Act to amend an Act directing the mode of selling unseated lands, in Centre county," and the several supplements thereto, there will be exposed at public sale or outcry, on the following tracts of unseated lands in said county for the taxes due and unpaid thereon, at the Court House in the Borough of Bellefonte, on the second Monday of June, A. D. 1874.

Boggs Township.

ACRES.	PER.	WARRANTEE NAMES.	TAXES.
435	165	Andrew Sommers	27 69
50	"	Unknown	3 20
70	"	Cloverseed 4.50	Potatoes 50
Land per pound 8		Pork per pound 06	
Butter 30		Eggs 20	Plaster per ton
$15	Tallow 8	Bacon 10	Ham 15
Lard per p

Farm, Garden and Household,

Farm Notes.

It has been asserted that if young cows, the first year they give milk, are allowed to dry off their milk early in the fall, they will, if they have a calf at the same season, dry up their milk at the same time each succeeding year, hence the importance of milking young cows late in the fall.

The Grange store at Wilton, Ia., was opened in March, 1872, with a capital of $900, the stock of goods consisting of dry goods, groceries, queensware, clothing, etc. The sales for the first year amounted to $24,000, and for the eleven months ending December, 1873, the sales were over $31,450. All goods are sold at 10 per cent. above cost, effecting a clear saving to the members of at least 25 per cent.

Hundreds of experiments have proven that wheat cut a week or ten days before maturity will weigh more pounds to the measured bushel than if allowed to completely mature before cutting.

Eggs for hatching, to be sent to purchasers at a distance, carry safer in sawdust than in any other packing. So says a fancier who has had much experience.

The following is a sure cure for cattle lice: Take one heaping teaspoonful of copperas; mix with bran or any other kind of meal. If you haven't any meal, mix with salt. Two doses will drive them entirely away. It will not only kill the lice, but it will keep off diseases and give the cattle an appetite. I have tried it twenty-five years, and never knew it to fail. If the cattle, either those with the cloth on or others, lick the cloth with the mercurial ointment on, it will kill them, or if they take cold it will kill them."

Shepherds' Notes.

GREEN TEA FOR LAMBS.—A correspondent asks:—Sometimes it is necessary to feed young lambs just dropped, on cows' milk. Can you inform us what should be added to it to make it so like the milk of the mother as to cause an early movement of the bowels? Unless this is brought about, the "wee little thing" is a sure "goner." A.—We have seen green tea given to young lambs, with the best results. It seems to warm and brighten the animal up and at the same time to lack its usual astringent effect.

TO REMOVE LICE FROM SHEEP.—A correspondent says he keeps a trough in his pasture and once in about four weeks he puts in it two or three pounds of sulphur (he don't say for how many sheep), and puts salt on top. He knows it will clean sheep of ticks and thinks it will of lice; besides he thinks it healthful for the sheep, whether affected with lice or ticks or not.

TO CURE GRUB IN THE HEAD.—J. B. Scoville has cured grub in the head by filling a clay pipe with tobacco, lighting it and inserting the stem in the nose, applying the mouth to the bowl of the pipe and blowing the smoke into the sheep's head. A. Brown cures sheep so affected by blowing camphor, vinegar and black pepper into the nose of the sheep.

Plaster as a Manure.

A correspondent of the Maine *Farmer* writes: There seems to be little doubt but what plaster, or as it is called by chemists, sulphate of lime, is on some soils an efficient and cheap manure; while on other soils it seems to be of little or no value, as no difference can be detected in the crops following its use. Now, in order to tell the soil on which it will pay to use it, is a question that we shall have to decide for ourselves; for I am not aware that any man can tell by looking at the soil where it will pay to use it, or where it will not pay. Therefore, if we would know for a certainty it is best to try small quantities on different parts of the field, either by sowing on grass land as a top dressing, or by using as a manure for, field crops in different ways, and the answer that you may get will likely be a true one. After you have found where it will pay, then use it liberally, and it may be well to say here that if the crops are all consumed upon the farm, there need be no fears of ruining your farm by using plaster in a judicious manner.

Sticking Peas.

A correspondent of the London *Field* makes a suggestion as to sticking peas which is worthy of trial. He thinks to those who have to procure stakes at a great cost the following method will prove advantageous, being very cheap, simple, and easily performed: A few rough stakes should be obtained and driven into the ground on either side of the row, about twelve feet apart. These stakes should be of a corresponding height to that of the peas, and when the required number for a line is inserted, some tar twine or other strong cord may be tied to the end stake, and passed along the line of stakes, making a turn on each within a few inches of the ground, and, as growth progresses, raise the next turn a little higher, advancing in succession until the plants attain their full height. The lines being run on at the right time, the tendrils of the peas will clasp firmly round them and support the plants quite equal to the well-known plan of sticking. Some imagine an advantage to be obtained in this way of training, as the lines get a better circulation of air, and pods can be gathered at all times without injuring the haulm.

Tubercle Propagated by Milk.

M. Chauveaux has communicated to the French Academy what he terms a demonstration of the transmission of tuberculosis by the digestive organs. He remarked that his numerous observations enabled him to state that if the healthy young of animals susceptible of tuberculosis were fed with food with which the matter of tubercle was mixed, they would all exhibit tuberculosis in various organs. In anticipation of the meeting of the Academy, he had purchased some healthy calves, and, having had them fed as described, on slaughtering them the sixtieth day after the first ingestion, the lymphatic system was found extensively tuberculized, while caseous deposits existed in the lungs. This thesis he demonstrates most conclusively, and he is supported in his inferences by an apparently independent series of experiments carried on by Dr. Klebs in Germany.

Seasoned Wood.

The *Country Gentleman* puts in this plea for dry wood: Economy may be practiced in a thousand ways, and one way is in our fuel. Wood that has been sunned a few days after cutting it, and then housed four months or more, is worth for the family purpose of warming, cooking, and washing, almost twice as much as when green. But few farmers realize the value of dry wood, especially during the winter season, and hence but little wood is stored during the summer. Be sure to furnish plenty of oven-wood. This should be piled in a part of the woodhouse by itself. It will promote kindly feeling in the family—will save much time otherwise lost in kindling fires with green wood. Then let us prepare a supply of dry wood for winter, full six months before wanted for use.

Hay Tea for Calves.

A farmer who had a calf of value and no milk to give it was advised to give it hay tea. He did so and the calf is reported as doing finely, though it has neither received hay nor meal since he got it. He cuts the best and finest hay he has, about two inches long, and pours boiling water over it; lets it stand until cooled to about the heat of milk from the cow, when the tea is given to the calf and the hay to the cow. Both calf and cow thrive on this feed. We have fed a great deal of hay tea to calves, with good results.

Speaking of the improvement of seed, Charles D. Bragdon says he has known farmers who have sown the same variety of wheat for twenty years, "and who sell most of their crop for seed to their neighbors. They have not purchased seed either, but by careful selection and culture they have kept improving their crop." This, he thinks, is the kind of "selection" to be generally advised.

SUMMARY OF NEWS,

A youth named Christian Geise, aged 16, was arrested in Baltimore for assaulting another boy. His disgrace so preyed upon his mind that he committed suicide by taking arsenic .....A fatal affray occurred in Owen county, Kentucky, between two brothers named Walker and two brothers named Smoot. The Smoots were arrested last fall by James M. Walker and others, special detectives appointed by the Governor, as alleged Ku Klux. A feud has existed between the parties since, and at a meeting in Owenton James N. Walker was shot and instantly killed by John Smoot, and F. Walker severely wounded. The town marshal attempted to arrest Smoot, when several friends drew their pistols and threatened the officer with death if he did not desist..... A steam boiler in a Picton, Ont., planing mill exploded, instantly killing the engineer and his son, and a young man. The accountant was seriously but not dangerously hurt. One man was badly scalded about the breast and head, and two others suffered contusions. Fragments of the boiler, not less than a ton in weight, were hurled a distance of two hundred feet..... At the Philadelphia Exchange the Sunbury and Lewisten Railroad was sold at auction, under a foreclosure of mortgage, for $551,000, subject to a mortgage of $1,200,000. Malcolm Campbell, acting for the trustees, was the purchaser .....From the explosion of a coal oil lamp a fire broke out in a tenement in Philadelphia. On the second floor three boys were asleep. They were discovered in an unconscious condition from inhaling smoke. Two recovered, but one, Alfred Brown, died.....Two men belonging to Edgecomb, Me., named Joseph Dickinson and Jason Huff, were drowned in Wiscasset Harbor, Me. They were in two boats loaded with sand, and the boats sank.....At a meeting of Roman Catholic Archbishops in Cincinnati, Philadelphia was made an archdiocese. It is thought that two other archdioceses will be created, and that additional bishopries will be formed.....The Faculty of the University at Ann Arbor, Mich., have suspended thirty-nine sophomores and forty-two freshmen for hazing. They say the University can better afford to be without students than without government.....Bertha Daniels, 17 years old, committed suicide in Philadelphia, by eating sulphur from the heads of matches .....Advices from Magdalen Island of April 30, say the seal fishery from the shore is a failure. Twelve vessels had returned from the Gulf seal fishery with good faces .....The U. S. Senate Finance Committee took further action on the House Currency bill, and by a majority vote agreed to recommend the incorporation in it of the following provisions: The maximum greenback circulation to be $382,000,000. New national bank notes to be issued to the amount of $164,000,000, provided that for each million of such new notes issued there shall be $500,000 of greenbacks retired until the total greenback circulation shall have been reduced to $300,000,000. The committee voted to fix January 1, 1877, as the date at which specie payment should be resumed, but did not reach a conclusion as to what system should be employed for that purpose, whether of interchangable bonds or by means of any of the other plans proposed.

The reduction of the U. S. public debt for the month of April was $2,965,451.48. During the month the Treasury was called upon for a large amount, about $3,000,000, for other purposes than ordinary expenses of the Government.....One hundred and two persons were made members of Beecher's Plymouth Church in Brooklyn on Sunday.....Louis Benefresse, aged 3, was scalded to death in Brooklyn, having fallen into a kettle of water.....Ann Hunt was hanged in Elberton, Ga., for the poisoning of Eliza Brawner. The affair passed off quietly, no attempt being made to rescue the prisoner, as was rumored. She died without making a confession.....Col. Hynes, Representative at large, who was elected upon the Brooks ticket from Arkansas, and the three Democratic contestants from that State for seats in the House have united in an address to the people of Arkansas, taking strong ground in favor of Brooks, and counsel peace and obedience to the decision of the courts.....Two miners of the Yellow Jacket, Virginia City, were killed in the mine by the falling of some machinery. Several other men were badly hurt.....Gov. Taylor of Wisconsin has issued a proclamation with reference to the resistance of the railroads to the law regulating freight and passenger tariffs. He enjoins all railroad companies peaceably to submit to the law, and says that all the functions of his office will be used to see that the laws are faithfully executed. For this purpose he invokes the aid and co-operation of all good citizens.....In Indian Territory, four men en route for Texas, while in camp about eight miles from Muskagee, got drunk and quarreled about the ownership of the horses and wagon used jointly by them. One of the party was killed outright, two were mortally wounded, and the other badly hurt. The parties were all from Northwestern Missouri.....A shocking outrage was perpetrated by two negroes on a negro boy named James H. Woodley, aged 15 years, in Howard county, Maryland. According to the boy's statement, the two men, without provocation, scarred and branded his limbs in a most cruel manner with a red-hot iron, and afterward poured spirits of turpentine over his naked body and lower limbs, and set him on fire. In this condition he escaped from his persecutors, and succeeded in extinguishing the flames, though in what manner he is scarcely able to tell. Woodley lies at the Infirmary, his back and legs roasted to a crisp.

A serious riot occurred in the French settlement at Shanghai. A mob of Chinese made an attack upon the residents of that quarter, and sacked and burned several of their buildings. The police, in order to quell the disturbance, fired on the rioters, killing several of them. The Chinese assign as the reason for their attack that the French were constructing a road which interfered with their cemetery .....A three-ton press fell from the fourth story of a building in Broadway, N. Y., brushing the clothes of two ladies as it fell. They fainted but were not hurt.....For nearly forty days and nights the rains poured an almost unceasing flood upon Vicksburg, Miss., In the first fifteen days of April fourteen inches of rain fell, seriously interrupting mail communication and travel by railroad, and working a total stoppage of freightage..... Judges Searle and Bennett of the Arkansas Supreme Court were arrested on their arrival by the Memphis train at Argenta, opposite Little Rock, by Capt. Williams, acting under orders of Gov. Baxter. The Judges refused to be arrested without proper authority, whereupon Capt. Williams made a signal, and a band of armed men entered the car with cocked revolvers, and Searle and Bennett were forcibly taken from the train.....Much joy was manifested by the citizens of Lisbon over the entry into Bilbao of the Spanish Republican troops. Crowds of people, headed by bands of music, paraded through the streets, shouting "Bilbao and liberty!".....A great strike of the miners of the Durham collieries in England is in progress. It is estimated that 50,000 men are out of employment thereby.....The Pennsylvania Democratic State Central Committee reconsidered the resolution adopted on the 23d of March fixing the time and place of holding the next State Convention. A new resolution was then adopted fixing Pittsburg as the place, and Wednesday, Aug. 26, as the time of holding said convention.

The Tartars,

The Tartars of the Crimea have never been much attached to the Russians, and their hatred of the service is so great that amongst them the word "soldier" is a term of reproach. A correspondent of the Moscow *Gazette* says that they are afraid of being forced to eat pork, and of being called on one day to fight their co-religionist, the Turks. As they dare not leave *en masse*, they are obliged to go away stealthily one by one. They find a pretext to go to Odessa, and thence it is not difficult to get to Turkey. The young go first. Those who have any property try to sell it, or they give it away, or even abandon it altogether. They are selling their land at a shilling an acre. In order to have no ties, the young men do not marry, or, if they have a family, they leave them behind, on the chance of their joining them at a future time. They neglect their fields and gardens, and think only of scraping together what money they can and getting off as fast as possible.

A patented contrivance for fastening weights "at a moment's notice" to horses' feet, "for changing a race or pace to a square trot," is among recent novelties in the sporting world.

WITHOUT A LAWYER.

Perhaps I am a little too hasty, a little too ready to light up at a minute's notice; but there are some words that seem to me to carry an especial grain of gunpowder in them, and the word "How" is one of that sort. To have a person, after you have been through a long explanation, put his fingers to his mental ears and query you thus, or, worse still, "How?" is too exasperating for human nature to bear. But that is what John Stringer did to me, bending his head a little nearer, and speaking in an absent aggravating manner that tantalized me beyond words.

You see, John Stringer and I were engaged; we'd been engaged for a long time, and perhaps had got to be a little too matter o' course to each other.

We were sitting there over the fire, after the old folks had gone to bed, and I fell to telling him about Sophie Mull's wedding—her white silk dress, her bride cake, and her bridesmaids, frosted all over to match it, and I ended this way:

"But it don't make any difference, John, to people that love each other; all that's to me more account than last year's snowdrift. They could be married in calico and homespun, with their feet on a rag carpet like this, and love each other just as well."

"How?" said John, absently. He was watching the coals flicker up and die out again, and picking up a stray chip now and then to fling on the embers—a fashion he had when he was thinking.

Now I had the headache all day, and I guess I was rather more tindery than usual, though I didn't think so then; but when John bent his great broad shoulders over, as if he hadn't heard a word I said, and, in fact, had something better to occupy his mind, I just fired up, first, and then the blaze died down into sulks, and when we parted that night John and I had our first and last quarrel.

My heart did not misgive me that when I saw John's great tall figure going out the door, it was the last time he'd lift the latch for many a year; but so it was.

You see, I held my head pretty high in those days, and I wouldn't show I was a bit cut up about it, so I paired off with Mrs. Plummer's Jesse, a likely, spruce young fellow enough, but no more to be compared with John than a cockleshell is to a brigantine.

Oh, well, mother sighed, and tried right hard to bring us together again, but it was not to be.

John was a powerful, muscular man, and I used to see him go up the road many a time when I was out in the shed milking, and peeping at him through the chinks, I thought his broad shoulders stooped more than ever, and his figure was growing more stalky like. Such an awkward figure as John was! I came near rushing out on him once, with my sun-bonnet, and with my sleeves rolled up, and flinging my arms right round his neck; but John liked to see folks tidy, and I never did it.

Jesse Plumber was the beau o' the village—dapper, neat and dainty as you please; and all the girls thought I had come to my senses when I ousted 'em o' Jess. And by-and-by it was Jess that came sparking o' nights, and sat o' winter evenings over the embers, and he was so soft spoken and pleasant that even mother forgot her vexation. (She always set store by John, mother did). Well, in the spring we were married, Jess and I, and I had a string of pearls and a real silk bridal dress, and I felt kind o' lifted like when the girls crowded around me and hoped I'd be happy. I hoped so too; I wasn't sure of it.

Remembering the days that came after, I can't recall one hard word I ever heard from Jess. We weren't near enough to each other to quarrel; we just laid apart like two odd volumes; there wasn't any fire 'twixt us, nor anything 'twixt us, either love or laughing, whereas John and I had always been bubbling over one way and another.

I worked hard, for my silk dress and necklace were all I had of riches; and I cut up my gown one day to make a cloak for the baby. You see, I couldn't give up my pride, and was just as high spirited as ever. But our farm didn't prosper; Mrs Plumber came to live with us, to look after things, as she said, and she got to pitying him every now and then for marrying a poor wife, and—oh, well, what's the use of talking—sometimes I couldn't help wishing John Stringer's strong shoulders were at the wheel, when I was working myself to death morning and night for nothing.

Then when the baby grew bigger, I took to teaching an A B C class, as I used to before I was married; but what little I knew had run wild since then, and I couldn't keep the boys straight somehow, and the girls didn't care for samplers—for the sewing machine had ridden right over everything. Then Jessie fell ill o' the fever, and with all the fuming and fretting and nursing of his mother, and with all my watching day and night, somehow he slipped off between us. And I found myself a widow, with the ill fared, wasted farm on my hands, and Mother Plumber drizzling and maundering after Jess in a way to break my heart.

But I kept my spirits up, and I advertised half the place for sale at the court house; for if I should sell it we should skin through somehow on an acre or two, I thought.

Well, who do you suppose came over one sunny afternoon as I was standing in the kitchen? Who, to be sure, but John Stringer, large as life—a little gray, mayhap, and a little more angular, but keen and strong as ever. He'd a use for that bit o' land, it seemed, and had had his eye on it along back. "Always was wanting what wasn't his." Mother Plumber said. She owed him a grudge for being more beforehand than Jess.

It took a good deal of looking after, and lawyering, and surveying, and the Lord knows what, to settle it; and I used to see John Stringer's stooping shoulders and broad felt hat down just beyond the rise of the meadow time and again. But he scarce even came near the door, till one day, I can't tell how it was, when the settlements were to be made, I just took baby up stairs and had a good cry, and that bit of land had been Jesse's favorite piece, and Mother Plumber had been hurrying me all day about it.

"The ways of Providence are so strange!" said Mother Plumber, laying her specs down atop o' the Bible, and putting on that awfully patient air which was wearing me to skin and bone—"past finding out. Now if Jess had married Sophie Mills that was, and you——"

But I did not wait to hear any more. As I say, I just caught up baby and went off to the garret. And while I sat by the cobwebbed window, Mrs. Barret—Sophie Mills that was—went riding by in their new spring-wagon—she and her half dozen children, round and rosy as a barrel of apples. Sophie nodded and smiled to some one coming up the road; and looking along I saw John Stringer walking, thoughtful like, right up to our gate, just as he used to come in courting days—for John never had any foolish ways about him. I saw Sophie look back at him as she and the children, with their fluttering ribbons and gay ginghams, disappeared at the turn of the road. Then I smoothed my hair and washed my face and went down. The time of settlement had come, I knew.

"Mary Ann," said John, gravely, "the lawyer will be here presently; but I reckon we can make it all clear in our own minds without his help. And I've—I've settled it, in fact, there are certain conditions on which I'll take the land—if you agree."

Then I flew into a passion. "You've been long enough in making up your mind," says I. "don't throw my land at anybody's feet, and I haven't asked any favors of you, leastways, John Stringer."

"Softly, there, softly!" says John putting out his hand. "Don't be in a hurry, little woman."

"John Stringer," says I, all in a heat, "you're just the same man you was years ago when you thought I was always flirting up every time you got out o' temper yourself."

"And weren't you, little woman?" said John, quite gravely. "Don't women folks always like their own way better than anything else?"

"You don't know anything about women," I cried, "any more than you did then. You thought I wanted silks and furbelows more than—than—"

"Than you did me," said John; "and right enough you was, too, if you could ha' got 'em. I always said so, Mary Ann."

"Any man with half an eye would have known better," says I, hotly.

"How?" said John. His great hulking figure lifted itself up, and he looked at me with those sharp, brown eyes that used to give me a start in the old time.

"How?" he repeated, softly. "Do you mean to say I was mistaken years ago?" His big, brown hand was all of a tremble as he held it out to me. "Little woman, little woman," says he, "let's ha' done with it all now, and let it all be as it never was."

Presently Mother Plumber put her head in the door. "'Pear to me that lawyer's making a long spell of it," says she. "Ben't you a'most tired o' waiting for him, Mr. Stringer?"

"I guess we've settled it pretty much without the lawyer," says John, rising; "and that is the condition I had to propose, Mary Ann—to take you and the meadow-land together!"

And he did.

The Grayling.

This fish, so well known to English epicures and sportsmen, stands at the head of the finny tribes of Europe as *the* fish *par excellence*, as the brook trout has hitherto done in this country. It is only found in a few localities in England, and does not occur in either Irish or Scotch rivers, but is found more plentiful in some parts of the Continent. Sir John Franklin, in his overland expedition, 1819, discovered two species of grayling near Great Slave Lake, one of which was named by Dr. John Richardson, "Back's grayling," and described as *Coregonus signifer*, and the other, the "little winter grayling," as *Thymallus Americanus*. About six years ago attention was attracted to some new members of the salmon family found in Northern Michigan, in the tributaries of the Muskeegan River, and more particularly in the Hersey branch, and called by the natives "Hersey trout." Specimens of this fish were sent to Prof. Cope, of Philadelphia, about four years ago by Mr. D. H. Fitzhugh, of Bay City. Prof. Cope described them under the name of *Thymallus tricolor*. Some two years after this Prof. Agassiz named them *Thymallus Americanus*, but the Michigan fish is found to be almost identical with the *C. signifer* of Richardsen, and to differ materially from his *T. Americanus*. From Prof. Baird we learn that a grayling has been found in the headwaters of the Yellowstone, but its special characteristics have not yet been described, and consequently its name has not yet been determined. As this fish is said in Europe to be much easier to raise than the trout, it is evident that it is destined to become a great favorite with fish culturists, both amateur and professional, and it is singular that it has not sooner attracted their attention. Mr. Fred Mather is now in Michigan, after them for his ponds at Honeoye Falls, N. Y., and will stay and watch the habits of the fish through their spawning season, and perhaps bring some of their eggs with him.

South Pacific Islands.

Landing at New Hanover, an island in the South Pacific to the east of New Guinea, Captain Simpson, of H. B. M. ship Blanche, last year found men and women very much in a state of nature, who, he thinks, had never before been visited by white men. They were ignorant of the use of tobacco, and old pieces of paper were taken by them in preference to the usual trade articles. Both men and women came alongside the ship in great numbers, and showed no fear. They had little or nothing for barter except spears. They appeared good-humored, but are arrant thieves. A party of officers who landed had their pockets picked.

Captain Simpson also visited the neighboring island of New Britain. Here he found two spacious bays or harbors, with good anchorage, landlocked, and sheltered from all winds. Within one of these harbors he believes there is space, with from twenty to five fathoms of water, for the navies of the world to anchor in. Clustered on a narrow ledge at the base of two singular sandstone rocks is a village containing about two hundred inhabitants, who evidently support themselves by fishing. Many of the houses are built in the water on piles. They had numerous canoes moored round them.

The Ngaric group of islands one only was found to be inhabited, and the history of its people may be told in a few words. They number about one hundred, and of these no less than sixty are children. The people say that about forty years ago a captain from Sydney took the island and destroyed all the inhabitants, or nearly all. Some years after that a man named Paddy came with some natives of Ponope island and settled there, claiming the island as his own, and the population has since rapidly decreased. What has become of Paddy we are not told.

A Wardrobe of the Last Century.

The following is a curious inventory of a lady's wardrobe in the year 1712, with the price of each article. It is to be remembered that the purchasing power of money was much greater then than now: A smock of cambric holland, three and one-half ells, $10.50; Marseilles quilted petticoat, three yards wide and one yard long, $14.25; a hoop petticoat, covered with tab, $8.75; a French or Italian silk quilted petticoat, one and one-quarter yards deep and six yards wide, $50; mantean and petticoat of French brocade, $355; French point or Flanders laced head, ruffles and tucker, $400; English stay, covered with taffy, $15; a French necklace, $6.25; Flanders lace handkerchief, $50; French or Italian flowers for the hair, $10; an Italian fan, $25; English silk stockings, $5; English shoes, $12.50; French girdle, $3.75; a cambric pocket-handkerchief, $2.50; French kid gloves, 75c.; black French silk *a la mode* hood, $3.75; black French lace hood, $26.25; French embroidered knot and bosom knot, $10.50; French garters, $6.25; pockets of Marseilles quilting, $6.25; muff, $26.25; sable tippet, $75; lining of Italian lutestring, $75; thread stockings, $2.50; Turkey handkerchief, $26.25; a hat of Leghorn, $7.50; a beaver and feather for the forest, $15; a riding suit, with embroidery of Paris, $237.50; three dresses for the masquerade, two from Venice, $180; dress from Paris of green velvet, *a la* Sultanesse, set with pearls and rubies, $618.75.

Moloch in America.

In Ohio a mound of a novel character has recently been cut through, in order to make the approach to the Newton bridges near Cincinnati. It was evidently the *debris* of a huge sacrifice of children. A space twenty-five feet in diameter had been covered with an immense heap of wood, then it was set on fire, and the children were probably tossed into it one by one, as in the ancient sacrifice to Moloch. The heat was evidently intense and long continued, as the ground plainly showed the effects of violent conflagration. As soon as the sacrifice was completed and the fire had died out, the remains of the victims were all raked together in the centre, and then the mound was raised in a very remarkable way. Soil was brought, apparently by different tribes from different localities, and each variety was carefully deposited by itself, so that the differences were clearly distinguishable. The remains collected consisted mostly of jaws and teeth of children. A pierced tooth of a rodent was found, which had evidently been used as an ornament. The remains will be placed in a museum at Plainville, Ohio.

Speaking, at the Elmira Club, of the comparative growth of forest trees, Fletcher Carr gave the subjoined schedule of measurements, made twelve years after planting: White maple, 1 foot in diameter and 20 in height; white willow, 1½ feet in diameter and 40 in height; white ash, 10 inches in diameter and 20 feet in height; yellow willow, 1½ feet in diameter and 40 in height; Lombardy poplar, 10 inches in diameter and 40 feet in height; chestnut, 10 inches in diameter and 20 feet in height; black walnut and butternut, 10 inches in diameter and 20 feet in height; while the different kinds of evergreens will make an average growth of from 18 to 20 inches in height annually."

NARROW ESCAPE.—As Jacob Russell, of Lowville, was walking along the track of the Utica and Black River Railroad, he caught his foot between two of the iron rails. He tried his best to remove from his position, and it was found impossible. The noon freight train at the time was backing up over the switch. The unfortunate man had no time to notify the engineer, and he bent over to save his life by losing his foot. The train passed over him, but for some unexplained reason only crushed his foot.

XLIIId CONGRESS,

SENATE.

Mr. Boreman, of W. Va., gave notice that he would ask the Senate at an early day to consider the bill to establish the Territory of Pembina, and to provide a temporary government therefor.

Mr. Sargent, of Cal., from the Committee on Appropriations, reported back to the House bill for the relief of persons suffering from the overflow of the Mississippi river, with an amendment as an additional section, which authorizes the Secretary of War to issue temporary supplies of food and disused army clothing to destitute persons there, and appropriating $100,000 for such purpose, the provision of the bill to expire the 1st of September, 1874. It was passed without discussion.

Senator Oglesby, of Ill., from the Committee on Indian Affairs, reported without amendments the bill to enable Indians to become citizens of the United States. Placed on the calendar.

On motion of Mr. Washburn, of Mass., the resolution offered early in the session by the late Senator Sumner for the settlement of differences between nations by international arbitration, was taken from the table and referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations.

The Senate took up the Geneva Award bill, and the amendments proposed by the committee were agreed to. In explaining the provisions of the bill Mr. Edmunds of Vt. said the money received by the Geneva award was the property of this nation, and would be distributed as the Government thought proper to reimburse those who had suffered loss by the depredations of the rebel cruisers named. He contended that the Government had no right to distribute any of the money to insurance companies, as the companies received large premiums for taking the risk, and it was therefore in the nature of speculation by them.

Mr. Conkling, of N. Y., presented the memorial of the Workingmen's Convention that the two Houses of Congress adjourn sine die. He said the judgment of these memorialists was that the uncertain feeling now prevailing throughout the country on account of the financial troubles would be most effectually ended by the adjournment of Congress. Referred to the Finance Committee.

Mr. Logan, of Ill., from the Committee on Military Affairs, reported favorably on a bill amendatory of the act to increase the pay of soldiers in the United States army. Placed on the calendar.

The Geneva Award bill being before the Senate, the amendment of Mr. Thurman, of Ohio, to strike out the clause excluding claims of insurance companies, after a long debate was agreed to, 31 to 27. Amendment of Mr. Sherman, of Ohio, that all claims allowed under this act, shall be adjudged on the basis of United States gold coin at the time of the loss. Agreed to—Yeas, 37; nays, 21. Several other amendments were offered and the bill was then passed—yeas, 26; nays, 17.

HOUSE.

The House sat in Committee of the Whole on the Centennial Appropriation Bill. A lengthy and heated discussion for and against the appropriation followed. The question was taken on ordering the bill to a third reading, and it was negatived—yeas 92; nays 138.

Mr. Hale, of Me., moved to reconsider the last vote, and to lay the motion to reconsider on the table. Lost after motion, which would have rendered the rejection of the bill final, was lost—yeas 117; nays, 120.

Mr. Hale, from the Committee on Appropriations, reported back the Senate amendments to the bill for the relief of the sufferers by the Mississippi overflow, changing the amount from $90,000 to $100,000. The amendments were concurred in.

Mr. Butler, of Mass., introduced a bill to provide for free banking and better security to depositors, hinder usury, give elasticity to the currency, preserve its value to the people, and to prevent financial panics by locking up the currency.

Mr. Morrison, of Ill., introduced a bill to fix the term of the Presidency at six years and to prohibit re-election to the office.

Mr. Fort, of Ill., moved to suspend the rules and adopt the resolution declaring that if an increase of taxation be found necessary such increase shall commence with the taxation of persons and corporations on their annual incomes, dividends, and salaries. Carried—Yeas, 126; nays, 62.

Mr. Orr, of Iowa., moved to suspend the rules and pass the bill to confirm pre-emption and homestead entries on the public lands within the limits of railroad grants in cases where such entries are made under the regulations of the Land Office. Passed.

Mr. Poland asked leave to offer a resolution reciting the disorded condition of public affairs in Arkansas, and providing for the appointment of a committee of five to send for persons and papers, or to go to Arkansas to inquire whether there is any State of the condition of affairs which calls on the United States to exercise its warrant to guarantee to every State a republican form of government, to protect her from invasion or domestic violence.

Mr. Cannon, of Ill., was given a seat in the House, and immediately after the question was taken on Mr. Hazleton's resolution, to refer the question of Mr. Cannon's polygamic practices to the Committee on Elections, and it was agreed to—127 to 57.

Origin of Free Masonry in America.

The first lodge of Masons in America was organized in Boston, Mass., July 30, 1733, by the Worshipful Henry Price, Grand Master in North America, under an appointment by Lord Viscount Montagu, Grand Master of Masons in England.

The lodge in Boston was called St. John's Grand Lodge, and the Right Worshipful Andrew Belcher was appointed Grand Master, and Thomas Kennelley and John Quinn, Grand Wardens. Warrants were soon granted for instituting lodges in various parts of America, including Canada, Nova Scotia and Newfoundland.

In 1752, a number of brethren residing in Boston, who were ancient Masons, so called, and different in some respects from the St. John's Lodge, applied for a charter to the Grand Lodge of Scotland, and were constituted a regular lodge, under the name of St. Andrew's Lodge, No. 82.

This establishment was opposed by the St. John's Lodge, who thought their privileges infringed upon by the Grand Lodge of Scotland; but it grew prosperous, by the assistance of traveling lodges belonging to the British army stationed there. December 27, 1760, the Festival of the Evangelist was celebrated in due form. At this Communication was received from the Earl of Dalhouse, Grand Master of Masons in Scotland, appointing Joseph Warren to be Grand Master of Masons in Boston, and within one hundred miles of the same, dated May 30, 1796. The other grand officers were then appointed and installed, and the Grand Lodge was then duly organized.

Between this period and the year 1791, this Grand Lodge granted warrants of constitution for lodges to be holden in Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Connecticut, Vermont, and New York.

In the year 1772, Patrick, Earl of Dumfries, Grand Master of Scotland, appointed the Right Worshipful Joseph Warren, Esq., Grand Master of Masons for the Continent of Americs. In 1775, the meetings of the Grand Lodge were suspended by Boston becoming a garrison.

At the battle of Bunker Hill, June 17th, of this year, Masonry, and the Grand Lodge met with a severe loss in the death of Grand Master Warren, who was slain contending for the liberty of his country.

Soon after the evacuation of Boston, the brethren were induced to search for his body, which had been buried on the field of battle. By direction of a person who witnessed the burial, a place was found on the brow of a hill, near a cluster of twigs, where the earth had been recently turned up. Here his remains were found, and identified by means of an artificial tooth. The body was conveyed to the State House in Boston, and attended by the surviving grand officers and a large concourse of people, was buried with Masonic honors. Being deprived of their chief, by the death of their Grand Master, they appointed Jos. Webb as his successor.

The revolution, which separated the American States from the government of the mother country, also exonerated the American lodges from their allegiance to foreign Grand Lodges, because the principles of Masonry inculcate obedience to the government under which we live. The lodges in the several States, therefore, after the termination of the war, resorted to the proper and necessary means of forming and establishing independent Grand Lodges, for the government of the fraternity in their respective jurisdictions.

June 19, 1792, the officers and members of the two Grand Lodges, which had been at variance, met in conjunction, agreeably to a previous arrangement, and having effected a complete Masonic union, installed the Most Worshipful John Cutler, Grand Master, and resolved that this Grand Lodge shall forever hereafter be known by the name of the Grand Lodge of the Most Ancient and Honorable Society of Free and Accepted Masons of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

The Grand Lodge of Vermont was constituted at Rutland, October 14, 1794.

Native Wines.

The native wines produced in the United States are estimated in round numbers at twenty millions of gallons. California, the largest producer, yields one-fourth this amount, five millions; Ohio about one-sixth, three and one-half millions; New York, three millions; Missouri and Illinois each two and one-half millions, and Pennsylvania two millions. In these six States are produced all the wines of the country, excepting about one million and one-half of gallons raised in smaller quantities in the other States. Wines are produced, however, in some quantity in nearly every State and Territory, twenty thousand gallons a year being credited to New Jersey, and five thousand gallons to Delaware. The annual value of our wine crop is about fourteen millions of dollars.

The American Capitol.

To look at it as it stands to-day, the capitol at Washington, says George Alfred Townsend, is a white building of marble, painted free-stone, and with a painted dome. It is 751 feet long, and 324 feet wide, covering three and a half acres of ground. It stands on a hill of green terraces about 90 feet above the Potomac river, and the dome is 300 feet above the gate at the foot of the hill where the ordinary visitor enters and looks up at it. Eleven broad streets approach this building as if to pierce, so that it shows in every direction as an elevated and stately object, and the general public never weary with the beauty of outline and proud position which the building possesses. From distant points of the country, even for miles and miles, this dome seems to be the most central object in sight, because the landscape slopes up from Washington hundreds of feet to encircling heights, and this Capitol lies like an egg in the midst of a vast bird's nest.

The cost of the edifice, grounds, contents, and everything, has probably been about eighty years, for which some part of the building has been standing, is no great amount of money.

Vinegar Bitters.

The great merit of VINEGAR BITTERS has made them the leading medicine of the day, and respectable druggists everywhere write: "They are the best and most popular preparation in the market." They have stood the test of public opinion and won confidence. They sell rapidly because they cure. If you are sick you want reliable medicine. VINEGAR BITTERS commend themselves to the ailing and afflicted, as they are deficient in one thing alone, viz: the stimulant that unduly excites the brain, and creates a morbid thirst for spirits. There is no phase of Indigestion, Biliousness, Nervous Disease, or Physical Debility, in which they will not effect a cure. Invalids who are wasting away from a want of proper action in the liver, stomach and bowels, will find them a constitutional specific, and a fountain of vitality and vigor as refreshing and exhilarating as a cool, gushing spring of water to the parched and fainting traveler in the desert.—*Com.*

New Strangers.

A gentleman and lady who occupied the same seat on an eastern bound train of cars in Ohio, recently, casually falling into conversation, found that they both belonged in Boston and were going home. On their arrival at the depot in Boston, they both got into the same hack, and the hackman having inquired of the man where he wanted to go, he replied, "No. 12 ——— street." "You may leave me at the same place," said the lady. The man was a good deal surprised, but when they arrived at the house they found that they had been living in adjoining houses, the entrances to which were not three feet apart, for several years, and had not known each other.

Symptoms of Catarrh.

Dull, heavy headache, obstruction of nasal passages, discharge falling into throat, sometimes profuse, watery, acrid, thick and tenacious, mucous, purulent, muco-purulent, bloody, putrid, offensive, etc. In others a dryness, dry, watery, weak or inflamed eyes, ringing in ears, deafness, hawking and coughing to clear the throat, ulcerations, scabs from ulcers, voice altered, nasal twang, offensive breath, impaired smell and taste, dizziness, mental depression, tickling cough, etc. Only a few of the symptoms are likely to be present in any case at one time. No disease is more common or less understood by physicians. The proprietor of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy will pay $500 reward for an incurable case.

READ WHAT IT WILL DO.

BROOKVILLE, Pa., April 27, 1872.

DR. R. V. PIERCE:

Sir—Having first applied to a number of home physicians and failed to get relief, I resolved to try your Remedy. Four bottles have completely cured me of one of the worst cases of Catarrh of fifteen years' standing, having suffered for months with an acute pain in the head, and breathed only with the greatest difficulty. I deem it due you as well as suffering humanity that this recognition be made of what we deem an invaluable medicine.

CHAS. Q. ANDERSON.

Corn and flour are staple articles; but not more so than *Johnson's Anodyne Liniment*, where known. It is good for children or adults for any internal or external pain, and for sore throat, and the best Liniment prepared, under whatever name.—*Com.*

The all-gone feeling which people sometimes speak of is caused by want of proper action of the liver and heart. These may be assisted, and the bowels regulated, by *Parsons' Purgative Pills* in small doses.—*Com.*

Victims of consumption see